THE
ENGLISH REVIEW
OCTOBER, 1927

Correspondence

Chinese Nationalism

A Reply to the Open Letter of Mr. J. O. P. Bland

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Question 1.—Can you cite . . . a single province . . .?

Reply.—Yes. I can cite, not only one province, but more than half a dozen provinces, not only one city, but scores of cities in which a legal constitution has had definite practical bearing on the life of the people, and in the conduct of public affairs. During the last sixteen years of the Republic half the provinces in China at one time or another had a Provincial Legislative Assembly elected by the people according to constitution. Of course, the military governors and generals have repeatedly interfered with the actions and decisions of these bodies, but it is wrong and misleading to imply that legally constituted bodies have never functioned.

2.—In the absence of popular representation upon what grounds . . .?

Reply.—First, I do not belong to any political group, and, second, in my article, I do not claim "the authority of the people" for the support of any programme and proceedings of a political group to which I do not belong. What I did say was that "the Renaissance Movement has won its decisive battles, that it emphasizes the practical needs of the nation. Its centre of interest is man, its authority is the people." By this statement I mean that the Chinese Renaissance Movement regards the welfare of the people as the final authority in its thinking.

3.—Can you name any individual . . .?

Reply.—Yes, Dr. Sun-Yat-Sen. In your letter you did not seem to think that he has ever seriously attempted to do this, but the whole of China, not only his followers, but his political opponents agree that whatever one may say of him he had only one passion, that is, to serve China. I can give you names of scores of men and women who have given up everything and risked their lives for their

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country. Moreover, is it necessary to remind any student of Chinese affairs of the long list of martyrs for the revolutionary cause, dating back to 1900? Whatever you may say of the revolution, to say that these people did not put their country's need before their private interests is a great sacrilege. As to those who are living, my Chinese training forbids me to mention them by name, even though there is no doubt in my mind of their loyalty. We Chinese are taught to reserve our judgment. "When the coffin is closed, then judgment is given."

4.—I would ask you to give the name . . . ?

Reply.—(1) The National Movement Against Militarism; (2) the National Movement for Equal Political Rights for Women; (3) the National Anti-Opium Association constituted by the representatives of forty different organizations; (4) the National Association for the Advancement of Education, commended by international authorities as one of the most promising organizations of its kind; (5) the National Association for Mass Education which has taught several millions of people to read in the last four years, etc. As a Christian I can conscientiously join and support nearly all of them without any compromise to my conscience or theology, because they are in large or in small measure to enrich the life of the people, locally or nationally, and not for the benefit of individual politicians.

5.—But . . . can you cite a single instance . . . ?

Reply.—If by "as means to a political end" you mean that the modern intellectuals have welcomed the philosophy, art, science, or literature of the West in order to improve the political life of China, then one can say that all efforts are means to a political end. Broadly speaking, the philosophy, art, science, and literature of the West have given many people in China a new point of view of life and this has greatly modified, if not completely revolutionized, their political thinking. As to "for professional reasons," all these four—philosophy, art, science, and literature—have to be introduced by some professional people and looked after by them. Our difficulty thus far has been the lack of experts and professionals. Much of the work has been done by amateur enthusiasts with idealistic dreams, but with little practical experience. It is true that some astute politicians have tried to utilize the various movements for their selfish political ends, but the leaders of such movements are fighting against such encroachment.

6.—When, where, and how did the Chinese people record the decision . . . ?

Reply.—Chinese people record their decision in very much the same way as the peoples of the West do: (1) By private and public discussions. In the last few years anyone who can read Chinese will find in any restaurant, hotel, or tea-house where men of different walks of life spend their leisure hours, signs meaning, "Do not discuss the affairs of the nation." The proprietors have learnt that where two or three are gathered together they discuss the affairs of the nation and that such discussions often lead to serious consequences. Public gatherings to discuss national problems have also become frequent in many of the cities; (2) by registering their decision through the Press. The number of daily newspapers has greatly increased in the last two decades, and these papers do express the political opinion of various sections and groups of people. In the last ten years there

have been published in China no less than one thousand different periodicals, some of them did not live long and new ones took their place; (3) by public demonstrations and concerted actions. Such demonstrations have become a very common thing in China. Even those demonstrations where the students play the most important part represent also very often the non-student classes, and the students usually receive secret encouragement from their seniors. Then there have been concerted actions. Need one mention the nation-wide boycott of certain foreign goods as a protest against encroachment on Chinese sovereignty? That politicians often took important parts in the discussions, editing the Press, organizing demonstrations, and influencing the concerted actions does not make these ways of recording public decision any less significant or less true, for in every democratic country politicians are at work.

7.—Do you seriously ask . . . what does your "democratization" amount to?

Reply.—Two per cent. would be roughly eight million people. This may be too big an estimate or too small. Too big, because if eight million people do intensely care and are thoroughly organized, we would have accomplished a great deal. Too small, because movements have been steadily, though slowly, acquainting them with new ideas. For example, the Mass Education Movement has reported the sale of over a million copies of textbooks. These textbooks contain lessons on democratic government. They are elementary and simple, but effective. Then there is also the great factor of secret societies among the common people in China. Most of these have

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been political in nature, and have played important parts in the various uprisings through all these centuries, including the last revolution. That they are still playing an important part is certain, and that they are learning new ideas. So much for your questions. May I add two comments on the rather sweeping statements in your letter?

1.—You seem to imply that I overlook the darker side of the conditions in my country, or purposely mislead people in this matter. This is not at all my intention. That the Republic so far is more in name than in fact, and that there are darker sides in the present situation I never denied in my article. *It is not because China has already attained her goal of a republican form of government, but rather because she has not, that the Chinese people are working and striving to attain it. "Democratization" signifies a process and not an accomplished fact.*

2.—You seem to imply that the sympathy of the people in Great Britain and in the United States for the Chinese people has been due to "the propaganda which the Nationalistic group of politicians and publicists have used with remarkable effect." In this I beg to differ. I have spent the last six months in the States, and since I have been in England I have been rather impressed on the one hand by the lack of propaganda, on the part of the Chinese, and on the other hand by the amount of goodwill and sympathy for the Chinese people in their national aspirations, forming a distinct contrast to the British in the foreign settlements in China. I believe this is due to three reasons. First, the average Briton and American at home is a sincere believer in democracy. He not only strives to maintain it, but is pleased to see other people desiring it. Second, the average Briton has good memory of the history of his own nation. The representative form of Government which the British people are enjoying now has a long history behind it. It is a history of centuries of struggle, bloodshed, disturbances, sacrifices, and sufferings. He knows that a democracy is not something which can be built overnight, and that people can only learn by experience. Third, I may also highly commend the good common sense of the average Briton and American. For a nation like China, which has a past of 5,000 years to work against, with such a tremendous territory to cover, and 400 millions of people involved, together with the many internal and external difficulties to face, must have time. Only sixteen or seventeen years have been given to it so far, and in spite of all the dark sides and failures common sense demands reserved judgment. Faith in democracy demands trust and gives sympathy.

From all that we have read of your writings you seem to have adopted a form of persistent pessimism with regard to China. I have deep respect for your position. Chinese people need faith and courage in these days of struggle and striving, but they need also constant critical self-examination. In this spirit we welcome your writings as helpful checks in thinking. I venture to suggest, however, that persistent pessimism has never helped the cause of democracy and when carried too far is often dangerous because it may make people pessimistic, even about the pessimist!

I am, yours, etc.,

TIMOTHY TINGFANG LEW.

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The White Armies: In Russia and Later

By General Baron Wrangel
(Commander-in-Chief of the Russian White Army)

AT the end of the year 1917 the Government of Kerensky could no longer retain the executive power in their feeble hands. It was seized by a set of people who built on the lowest sentiments of the populace, operating as demagogues do, and promising peace and plenty with idleness. None of these promises was kept. That did not matter to the Bolshevik ringleaders. Russia in its quality of a national State was no concern of theirs. What they sought was a base whence to diffuse their unholy influence over the whole world.

The moment that the Bolsheviks laid hands on the executive power, Russia, as a national entity, ceased to exist. Even the name which served to describe it disappeared. All the interests of the State, as such, were sacrificed to those of the Red International. Everywhere this International waged determined war against every element of the national spirit, aggravated class conflicts, and destroyed all the foundations of morality—religion, the fatherland, the family.

Yet, in spite of all, Russia still exists as a nation. Immediately after the Bolsheviks seized the reins of power, a few men, stirred by love for their country and jealous for its greatness and glory, raised the national flag that had fallen in the mud. They started in the south of Russia an implacable struggle against the oppressors of their country.

Their appeal was heard; a crowd of officers, soldiers, students, intellectuals, politicians, workers and peasants flocked to the Don. All those whose hearts were right and courageous and who could not admit that Russia was dead, gathered under the national flag. There were men of every class and condition of life, of the most

varied ages and political views. Enrolling themselves in the ranks of the National Army, they forgot every item of political or social divergence. They were all united by the same warm love of their country, and the same desire to sacrifice themselves for her.

Such, in November 1917, was the birth of the White Army. It was the incarnation of the national sentiment, of the revolt of Russian patriotism. United under the folds of the tricolour they fought from that time for the national cause. This army, loyal to all the obligations taken over by previous national governments, still continues the struggle for the honour of its country's name, for the resurrection of Russia as a Nation. Its way of fighting has altered; the outward forms which properly belong to armies have gone; but the idea which directed its making has remained untouched.

What is this idea? It is life devoted to the fatherland, eagerness to save her at the expense of life itself, a passionate desire to tear the red flag down from the Kremlin and hoist in its place the National flag.

The struggle which began in the south of Russia soon raised echoes elsewhere, in the north, the north-west and Siberia. I will not pause here to tell you past history; I will only recall the brilliant successes with which the White Armies began. The troops of General Denikin occupied a third of Russia and advanced within a short distance of Moscow. In the north-west General Youdenitch was already in sight of the fires of St. Petersburg. In the west, Admiral Koltchak had almost reached the Volga.

Yet victory was not in reserve for the White Armies. The troops of the north were driven to the sea and forced to give up the territory they occupied. Some of them perished, while others were obliged to take refuge in Norway. In the north-west the army of General Youdenitch had to retire to Esthonian territory on which it was interned. The army of Admiral Koltchak in Siberia had to fight in retreat and was dispersed. Finally, in the south of Russia the troops of General Denikin retired to Novorossisk. What was left of them passed into the Crimea. After a year of heroic struggle this last strip of Russian soil was abandoned.

The failure of the White Armies was due to a number of reasons, and I will not weary your attention by examining them in detail. I will confine myself to mentioning the chief of them. A prominent place is due to the political and strategic errors of the leaders who did not sufficiently regard the state of feeling among the masses of the people. They exaggerated the importance of their early successes. They did not think sufficiently about securing the possession of the territories they occupied, organizing them, raising new levies to fill the gaps in their ranks and looking after the provision of victuals and munitions.

The political ignorance of the people accounted for a good deal. They had not yet lost their illusions concerning the Bolshevik power; they still went on believing in the lying promises of the Maximalist agitators. Lastly, the Bolshevik armies had at their disposition all the resources of an immense country, its reserves of food, its stocks of arms and munitions.

On the other side, the White Armies were short of everything. During the first months of the struggle the only arms and munitions we could draw on were those taken from the enemy. Support from outside was indispensable. It could only come from those by whose side the Russian Army had fought during the Great War. The White Armies who had refused to recognize the shameful peace of Brest-Litovsk and were loyal to their alliances thought they had the right to count on this support.

But the Western Powers were far from realizing the essence of the Bolshevik idea, the danger it threatened to the world. They did not consider fairly the importance of the struggle the White Army was carrying on. They did not understand that this army, in fighting for its own country, was also fighting for civilization and the culture of Europe. Not only did the White Armies fail to receive sufficient help in time to be of use; they had even on several occasions to run foul of obstacles raised by the former allies of Russia.

It must be noted that the English alone afforded material assistance to the White Armies. But this help was slow in arriving and inadequate. Support in the

shape of armed forces, to a very small amount, to tell the truth, was given by the English, and in part by France. Unfortunately there was never any certainty that this help would not be abruptly withdrawn, and often this happened without any previous warning.

The result was the loss of thousands of lives and immense stores left to plunderers. In the north-west the English, while they supported General Youdenitch and promised him their help, were combining at the same time in his rear with his political enemies, thus giving them the chance at the decisive moment to stab General Youdenitch in the back.

In the south, the French forces under General d'Anselme, which had occupied in 1919 the port of Odessa, gave up the town when the enemy approached. This action without any warning made the position of the Russian troops and the civil population desperate. Lastly, there can be no excuse for the handing over of Admiral Koltchak to the Bolsheviks by General Janin. The Admiral had put himself under General Janin's protection. Handed over to the Bolsheviks he was immediately shot.

In the Spring of 1920 the White Armies of the north, north-west and Siberia had to admit defeat. In the south the troops of General Denikin were thrust on to the Black Sea. The British Government had up to this point lent assistance to General Denikin in the shape of arms and munitions. Foreseeing the success of the Bolsheviks, and judging from it that the time had come to pass from the struggle in arms to a *rapprochement* with the enemy of yesterday, it now requested the head of the White Army to cease all hostilities.

The Government of Mr. Lloyd George took upon itself to enter into negotiations with the Bolshevik Government concerning the amnesty to be granted to the White Army and the peoples of the Crimea. It threatened, if we on our side refused, to deprive us of all assistance.

At this moment our situation seemed desperate. The remains of the armies which had fought in the south of Russia, after evacuating Novorossisk, numbering about 35,000, had fled into the Crimea. It was no longer an army, but a disorderly crowd which had grown slack in

its discipline and was morally and physically exhausted after a retreat for hundreds of miles in the height of winter and a series of defeats. Munitions, artillery stores and cavalry had been abandoned at Novorossisk for want of sufficient ships to carry them. In the north the Crimean Peninsula was covered on the Isthmus of Perekop by weak detachments of no more than 5,500 men. The army found itself pinned on to the sea, on a scrap of ground, lacking the chance to revictual and fill up its losses in men. The Commander-in-Chief, General Denikin, was so broken by all this that he retired from his duties. The post of Commander devolved on me. Fate had reserved for me a heavy charge. While I fully understood the weight of responsibility that I was taking on, while I knew the difficulties in the grim conditions of continuing the struggle, I judged that I could not decline the post. I could not promise the army victory—all I could do was to promise it should come out of an almost hopeless position without loss of honour.

In the answer I sent to the British Government I could not consider the possibility of direct negotiations with the enemy. I left the initiative to Mr. Lloyd George, and made Great Britain responsible for its decisions.

Meanwhile I worked feverishly to restore the moral of the army, and increase its fighting power. I wrote to King Alexander of Serbia, then heir to the throne and Regent, and begged him to give my army shelter in case of need. I arranged at the same time that measures should be taken to make evacuation easy, if that course became inevitable. As might have been easily foreseen, the negotiations started by the English with the Bolsheviks led to no result. The Government of the Soviets evaded all answer on the business and demanded a series of political concessions. The British Government, informing me of this, insisted that I should enter into direct negotiations. They warned me that a continuation of the struggle might have fatal results, and that in any case I could not count on any assistance from them. It was clear that the British Government, which sought closer relations with the Bolshevik Government, wished above all to see hostilities come to an end. It did not

apparently consider that the result would be the sacrifice of thousands of lives.

The army was already pretty near reorganization, and I answered these threats in May 1920 by ordering the offensive. The troops, by this time rested and reconstituted, showed their old bravery, and the first encounters with the Bolsheviks brought victory back to our ranks. The British Government followed this up by recalling their representatives and military mission from the Crimea. Between the two parties in the struggle, Mr. Lloyd George did not hesitate to fix his choice on our enemies. The course of events since has shown how unsound his calculations were. Very different was the attitude of the French Government. It declared its disapproval of any approach to the Bolsheviks and expressed its sympathy with my action. Unfortunately this attitude did not lead to a true understanding of the international danger presented by Bolshevism. France wished to create a strong Polish state as a means of support against Germany. At the time when hostilities began between Poland and the Government of the Soviets, France thought it necessary to support the White Armies, which might attract to their front a portion of the Red forces. Later M. Millerand, the French President, made a public acknowledgment that the help which had been lent to the White Armies had no other aim beyond the saving of Poland. It was said, particularly in an article that appeared in the official newspaper, *Le Temps*, that France had used every means to save Poland and that one of these means " was the establishment of a threat to the rear of the Bolshevik armies which was backed by the forces of General Wrangel. The pressure brought to bear by General Wrangel's forces helped to save Warsaw."

The French Government was led by these considerations to recognize in June 1920 my *de facto* Government. This recognition had an especial moral effect, but France had not the time to bring material help of an effective sort into the fray. However, it was this official recognition that enabled the army to receive a part of the Russian stores available since the Great War in various countries.

Fighting continued successfully in the south of Russia during all the summer and autumn of 1920. All the exertions of the Bolsheviks proved futile. But after the defeat before Warsaw of the armies of the Soviets, the egoistic and short-sighted policy of Mr. Lloyd George, then acting as mentor to the political world of Europe, had a new success. Hostilities were prematurely suspended on the Polish front, and once more the Bolsheviks were saved.

Our army was abandoned to its fate.

It was evident that after the armistice and the conclusion of the peace with the Poles the Bolsheviks would direct their forces against the Crimea and the White Army could not struggle against such odds. What happened was that the Soviet Government concentrated on the front occupied by my troops more than 500,000 men with all their cavalry. Exhausted by long months of incessant fighting and weakened by all sorts of privations, the White Army was overwhelmed. To save the remnant of the troops and the people who had put themselves under their protection, I gave the order in October 1920 for retreat. The troops fell back by forced marches on the seaports and embarked according to a plan previously arranged. The civil population, those who served in the rear, the sick and the wounded, women and children were the first to be put on board. The evacuation took place in perfect order. I inspected personally on the cruiser *Korniloff* the harbours used, and I was able to assure myself that all who wished to quit Russian soil found it possible to do so.

Three years of determined struggle, of fighting and suffering, of heroism, victory and defeat followed by fresh victory, then came to an end. We left the last strip of the land of our fathers.

In my order of the day concerning the evacuation, I did not conceal the fact that our future fate was unknown to me, that we had no longer any Russian territory to move on, and that we had no resources left. I gave everyone full freedom to settle his own destiny. This order of the day, which warned everyone of the future to be expected, stopped nobody. From October 31 to November 3, 126 ships left the ports of the Crimea carrying

150,000 men who refused to live under the Bolshevik yoke. We left our country for the unknown, for privations, sorrows and sufferings.

The number of those evacuated was 100,000 officers and soldiers and 50,000 civilians, including among these 30,000 women and 7,000 children. Of the 100,000 officers and soldiers, 50,000 belonged to the fighting troops, 40,000 to those who served in the rear. There were 3,000 pupils from the military schools, and more than 6,000 were ill, invalided or wounded. The 50,000 civilians included all ranks of society, amongst them peasants and workers. It was no emigration of privileged classes and professions. It was the exodus of National Russia with all the elements that go to make it, its civil organization and its army. These exiles cherished in their hearts profound faith in a victorious return to the land of their fathers. Of this crowd of *émigrés* it was the army that from the national point of view formed the most valuable part. It was the only group organized and consolidated by the blood all had shed, the idea they shared. Its new existence showed that the fight for the honour of the country and the remaking of Russia as a Nation was not yet ended. It was evident that the army ought to become the centre to gather round it the Russian *émigrés* scattered in all countries. It was indispensable to keep this nucleus intact.

The moment evacuation was over, the following problems confronted the High Command: provision for all those who had left the Crimea without a roof over their heads, food and medical assistance; the reorganization of the army to meet these new and exceptional circumstances; the taking of measures to start by degrees arrangements which would allow them to provide for their existence by their own work without burdening the finances of the countries which would afford them shelter; the regathering round this nucleus of all the scattered portions of the old Russian Army and of those who had taken part in the struggle against the Bolsheviks on the various fronts; and finally, the concentration round the army of all the other elements of the nation.

After their arrival in the Bosphorus the 150,000 refugees were divided into several groups. The principal

one, composed of the military units, was portioned out into military camps: 25,000 men at Gallipoli; 15,000 at the island of Lemnos; 15,000 at Tchataldja, in the neighbourhood of Constantinople. Finally, more than 30,000 men were sent off to Serbia, Roumania, Bulgaria, and Greece. The sick and wounded were distributed among Russian and foreign hospital ships. The vessels of the Russian Fleet with their crews, amounting to 5,000 men, were sent to Bizerte. The remainder of the civilian refugees were distributed in camps and barracks and maintained at the expense of Russian charitable organizations.

The Russian troops, distributed into camps, maintained at my urgent request their organization with its military ranks and discipline. Realizing the importance of the preservation of order, of the maintenance of discipline and submission to regulations, the representatives of the French Government at Constantinople consented to the complete preservation of the military organization and left the troops the use of their own arms and colours.

But this state of things did not last long. Short-sighted politics, politics of a day-to-day sort, went on. This kind of politics, when dealing with old allies, was thoroughly immoral. The Powers of Western Europe yielded to the demands of their crowds of workers, who were fascinated by the success of their Russian comrades. They stopped all assistance to forces which had fought the Bolsheviks. They went further: they put themselves in the way of closer relations with the Soviet Government. England opened the way, Italy followed, and then France. In the last days of November 1920 M. Leygues, President of the French Senate, declared that "he was disposed to authorize commercial operations between French and Russians, and that he did not think it necessary to continue the embargo against the Russian Soviets." "So far as the government of General Wrangel is concerned," he added, "the defeat of his army being admitted, France regards herself as relieved of all obligations to him, and will only assist his soldiers on humanitarian grounds." Clearly, in these conditions, the Russian army was bound to be considered not only useless, but even a nuisance. It offered, in fact, an

exceptional case from the standpoint of international law, and formed an obstacle to the creation of relations and friendly ties with the group of Soviets. The results of this change of politics were soon felt. In January 1920, at Constantinople, General Charpy, commander of the French troops in occupation, issued an order of the day that the principal thing to be considered at the moment was the evacuation of the military and civil camps as quickly as possible. The General indicated a series of measures to be taken for that purpose. In accordance with these directions the commanders of the French camps published in February notices encouraging the men to return to the Russia of the Soviets. It was explained that the French Government had taken all the necessary measures to guarantee the safety of those who returned. At the same time the dwellers in the camps were warned that revictualling would shortly be cut off. In spite of the efforts I made to warn the men of the danger they would incur if they returned to Russia, this threat to cut off their provisions induced something like 1,500 men to sign on the lists for repatriation. These were sent in the middle of February to Novorossisk. Some time later proposals were made to the Russian officers and soldiers that they should emigrate to Brazil as colonists of the State of San Paulo. They were promised—on no particular authority—financial help and the grant of free concessions by the Brazilian Government. On this occasion, thanks to my warnings, those who signed were hardly any. Shortly afterwards it became clear that the promises did not coincide with the facts; all those who allowed themselves to be caught were punished for their excess of trust. Those who, in spite of my advice, left for Russia, underwent all sorts of trials. Some of them were shot. Those who embarked for Brazil became slaves or something near it—not colonists.

I protested, but in vain. In the middle of March the French High Commissioners renewed, with threats about stopping provisions, their demands that the Russian refugees should choose one of three solutions out of the difficulty: return to Russia, emigration to Brazil, or discovery on the spot of work to support their needs.

None of these solutions could be accepted. A return to Russia, as earlier experience proved, was risking one's life. Brazil did not take colonists. Looking for work in the desert of Gallipoli or Lemnos was a cruel jest. At this point it will be well to explain that these demands were not due to the question of money. The number of men who found themselves revictualled by the French had materially decreased, for nearly 20,000 had already left for Serbia. Further, after the evacuation of the Crimea, I had remitted to the French Government, as a guarantee for the expenses in which it might be involved, securities which amounted in all to 100 million francs. I protested again and explained that, if the French Government insisted that my army should be annihilated, the most honourable means would be to allow that army to return to Russian ground weapon in hand, so that it might find at least death with honour. A series of measures was aimed against the refractory Russian general-in-chief; my orders to the troops were intercepted, and I was deprived of the chance of visiting the camps.

Finally, I was invited to leave for Paris on the invitation of the French Government. I answered that I was ready to leave on condition that during my absence the dispatch of my men to Russia and Brazil was suspended, and that I was allowed a free return to Constantinople. The answer I received was that the dismemberment of my army was inevitable and could not further be delayed. Carrying out the orders of the High Commissioners, the commander of the camp of Lemnos, General Brousseau, demanded an immediate answer with a choice of one of the three solutions I have mentioned above, and asked for a list of those who wished to leave for Russia. Subordinates, unfortunately, took measures deeply offensive to the Russian command. Violence was even used during the embarkation. Some men who were thrust on shipboard threw themselves into the water and got back to the shore. These incidents made a very painful impression everywhere, and in the Russian Press. A series of protests was raised against the operations of General Brousseau.

This tragedy of the defenders of Russia as a nation

found an echo in part of the French Press. It protested against the violent treatment of those who a few months earlier were fighting under a flag recognized by the French Government. The Government found itself obliged to explain. An official note published by the Havas Agency declared that the measures taken to propel the Russians towards Russia were dictated by "humanitarian" considerations (!)

At the same time the Government made known its resolve to remove those who had evacuated the Crimea from their dependence on the authority of General Wrangel, who was opposed to the measures taken. "All the Russians who find themselves in the camps," said the note, "should know that the Wrangel Army no longer exists; that their former commanders have no orders to give them; that their decision depends on nobody; and that revictualling cannot last any longer." It was easy to declare on paper that the army of General Wrangel did not exist and the orders of its chiefs had no effect. It was less easy to translate these affirmations into fact. Bound by the same idea, by their faith in their chiefs, united by the blood they had shed and the privations they had endured in the camps of Gallipoli and Lemnos, the troops went on considering themselves under arms, subject to their officers and in the first place to their Commander-in-Chief.

"The army which for seven years shed its blood for the common cause with France," I wrote to the High Commissioners, "is not the army of General Wrangel, but it is the Russian Army, unless the French Government recognizes as such the army whose chiefs signed the peace of Brest-Litovsk. The desire of the French Government to see the disappearance of the army of General Wrangel and the discipline of his troops cannot compel the soldiers and officers of Russia. They will never consent, out of deference to the French Government, to betray their flag and their chief."

At last, towards the month of April, General Pellé came to Constantinople as the French High Commissioner. He verified one after another the ineffectiveness of the orders dictated from Paris, took the Russian question in hand, and changed completely the attitude hitherto

adopted. The threats to deprive the Russians of provisions stopped; rations, however small, continued to be served. General Brousseau was removed, and relations with the Russian army palpably improved.

I cannot, however, pass in silence over a detail characteristic of the attitude of the States of Europe towards the White Army. During the negotiations I started to distribute my army in various countries, there was a question about transferring it to Hungary. The Hungarian Minister of National Defence, in answer to my request, wrote that, in spite of the sympathy a country like Hungary, newly freed from the Bolshevik yoke, felt for the soldiers of General Wrangel, it was impossible for him to authorize such a step without ascertaining the sentiments of the Governments of the Entente, the signatories of the Peace of Versailles. The conference of the representatives of the Entente examined this question on July 21, 1921, and communicated its answer by note a month later. In this document, signed by the High Commissioner of Italy, Prince Castagnetto, the High Commissioners of the Entente Governments called the attention of the Hungarian Government to the fact that

> The entry of the army of General Wrangel into Hungarian territory could not fail to excite commotion and facilitate anti-Bolshevik intrigues which are contrary to the true interests of Hungary and of all the civilized world.

So the Allied Governments testified that it was not Bolshevism, but anti-Bolshevik organizations which represented a danger to the interests of Hungary and of the civilized world. . . .

And this was said to a country which had gone through the horrors of Bolshevism and suffered the massacres of Bela Kun!

The effect of the period of existence at Gallipoli and Lemnos with its many privations was to bring the men still closer together, to eliminate the weak and the waverers, and to give those who remained the strength to overcome all the privations which eventually awaited them. Thrown in the middle of winter without shelter or clothing on the desert shore of Gallipoli or the arid island of Lemnos, unity of feeling tightened the ranks of the Russian Army.

Shortly on the site of the camps rose a little town built

by the army. Each stone, each bit of wood, each tent was carried by hand, for want of vehicles. The camps were adorned with odd churches, made out of the most unexpected materials. Choral songs, orchestras, and stages were organized. The ruins of Gallipoli were ornamented with drawings recalling the Fatherland. The approaches to the camps were brightened with regimental emblems marked out by the help of pebbles. Inscriptions bore witness to the deep love of the Fatherland, the sentiment of duty:

> Remember that thou belongest to Russia.
> Russia knows that thou wilt do thy duty.
> Thy duty will only cease with death.

Everything vouched for the fact that life at Gallipoli or Lemnos, among the ruins, the destitution and cold, with quite insufficient rations, could not injure the moral of the army or reduce its bravery.

After my arrival at Constantinople I took measures to organize the army, so as to allow it to manage to satisfy its own needs by its own work. The principles which guided me were these: "The army, not wishing to be a burden to the countries which give it a place of refuge, feeds itself by working till the day when it will be called to arms to do its duty to its country."

The negotiations lasted long and met with great difficulties. At last, in the spring of 1921, the Government of the kingdom of the Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes agreed to employ a large part of the cavalry to guard the frontiers; and the cossacks of Kouban, as well as the engineers, for various works of public utility. A little later, Bulgaria agreed to welcome almost the whole of the rest of the forces. The transport of the troops began in May 1921, and by the beginning of 1922 they were already distributed in Serbia, Bulgaria, and Czecho-Slovakia. The last detachment left Gallipoli in the spring of 1923.

With the arrival of the army in the Balkans a new period of its existence began. To set troops to work and make them change their weapons for the spade and the pickaxe is a delicate business psychologically and difficult in practice. This was done by slow degrees in accordance with a plan of minute detail prepared in advance, and, even so, there were great obstacles to get

over. The Balkans are, from the economic point of view, but little developed. They do not offer enough things to take up, and cannot supply work to large numbers of people. We had to arrange work on our own account. That was made possible by the organization of the army all ready to hand. While waiting for its psychological adaptation to the new ways, it was impossible, without injury to the moral of the troops, to distribute the men into too small groups. Gradually the army got to work and the number of men who were paid for by the High Command decreased. At the beginning the High Command had to be responsible for the needs of all the officers and under-officers whose whole time was taken by general organizing. As the various units got to work, and the men got accustomed to the new order of things, the cost of keeping the chiefs lessened; officers and under-officers set to work in their turn; and the number of persons whose needs the High Command saw to was reduced. At present all the chiefs without exception are gaining their livelihood. The Russian officers and soldiers themselves gain their bread, with no difference between them, by heavy work in the mines, factories, and yards. The support of the families of the soldiery, the women, the wounded, and the sick who had been incapacitated for work during their services in the ranks, required a large expenditure. But this help was regarded by the army as a debt of honour. At first the charges were borne by the High Command. By slow degrees the troops at work supported their families and the sick.

I took measures to form a fund for help in each unit. These funds were maintained at first by the savings made out of the advances by the High Command. Later they were made up with money kept back from the men's pay. The men readily recognized the necessity for this arrangement, and supported it with the utmost goodwill. A part of these sums is the property of the regiment. It provides the expenses of *liaison* and secretarial work, and is used to help men who are unemployed. The other part is the property of each man, and is advanced to him in case of illness or urgent need. It is returned to him if he leaves the regiment. The formation and

increase of this capital guarantee the man against anything that can happen, cover the expenses of removal to look for new work, and allow of the organization of infirmaries, the support of those out of work, etc.

In all this there is a formal principle, always maintained. No chief can receive any assistance, whether it be a salary or relief, at the expense of the deposits made by his men.

When the army had got to work, it became clear that economic conditions and the smallness of the pay would not allow it to stay long in the Balkans. The necessity of a wider distribution in the countries of Western Europe, where industry is better developed, became beyond doubt. This prospect was no longer to be feared, for the army had adapted itself to its new conditions and the danger of disorganization was removed. I started negotiations to send small detachments to France. These departures continued regularly from this time and still go on. The men who isolate themselves and leave their useful work, and the small groups who change their country in search of it, remain united to the army. After their removal they rally round the nucleus existing on the spot, or form new groups. No man, no detachment, remains isolated. Small units and individuals are bound up together.

At the head of the new groups chiefs are selected who secure connection with the central services of the army. The military organization of these groups of workers offers many advantages. The men do not feel isolated. They retain a bond with their comrades, with all those who have shared their ideas for years. They do not feel lost in an environment which is strange to them. They can assist each other, improve their position, organize funds for mutual aid, evening lectures and libraries, and meet for religious services. This system of holding together has, further, a practical reason in its favour, for it influences the improvement of wages. The organization and discipline of military groups of workers make inevitably an impression on the managers of the businesses concerned. Very often these are ready to spend considerable sums to improve the position of the group. In numerous instances the management give a

favourable hearing to the requests of the leader of the group and grant large sums for the creation of churches and libraries, and to house the officiating minister and give him a salary. A joint request by the members of the group, conveyed through the medium of its chief, is commonly accepted, when individuals would ask in vain.

While the army was geographically distributed to facilitate its search for work, I attempted to rally round it all the military figures who had taken part in the great war, not only on the Russian front, but also in France and at Salonika, as well as those who had joined in the fight against the Bolsheviks on the various fronts and found themselves scattered over all the countries of the world. All these men were linked together by a single idea—a boundless love of their country; they were attracted to each other, and to the army, the only organized national centre. Anticipating these sentiments, I took measures to form out of all these men a single whole. My efforts resulted in 1924 in the foundation of the General Union of Old Soldiers of Russia, which brought together all the officers' organizations and all the units of the Russian army in exile. This General Union of Soldiers is regulated by statute. This statute, which admits certain variations demanded by local conditions, is formally recorded in the countries where those affiliated to the Union happen to be. The Union is, then, a legal organization existing under the protection of the laws of the country where it operates. It counts among its members more than 40,000 men with strong ties of union. It is an entire army, an army of workers with a flexible organization and a very strong sense of discipline, though that is entirely voluntary. Discipline is a matter of personal choice, for there is no means of punishment apart from purely moral measures. It is an order of knights.

All the members of this army of workers live by their own labour. They give up a part of their pay to support the system, and help those who are ill or unemployed. Here is a thing unique in our practical and commercial century: an organization whose members not only receive no pay, but pour out their pennies gladly to remain

in its ranks! These sums are almost enough for the needs of the army, yet the organization to be kept up is huge. It has cost unheard of efforts and the strongest of wills; but the Russian army in exile is today indestructible. It has no fear of poverty; it is used to the hardest work. Since it modified its outward form, it has no more fear of those who wish it ill, for it is under the protection of the laws of the countries which have given it shelter. It fears only one thing, the idea of ceasing to be the Russian army. That is why it cannot give up its chief mission—the fight for the resurrection, the honour, and the glory of the fatherland.

The General Union of Old Soldiers of Russia is an organization of evident weight. It is the only national Russian organization which represents abroad with lively strength the idea of the Nation; it forms the counterpoise to the International, which has seized the land of Russia and bent it beneath its yoke. As it owes no allegiance to any political party or any foreign Government, it represents by itself a great political force. The Union of the Old Soldiers of Russia preserves and maintains the orders of the old imperial Russian army at the moral level it desires by means of lectures, conferences and clubs during the brief hours of leisure, and keeps up military attainments among its members. It brings together under the inspiration of one idea some tens of thousands of men; it unites them in a single military family with the motto, "All for one, one for all"; it supplies them with a means of mutual help; and so it makes life easier for Russian patriots, and helps them to bear the calamities that have fallen upon them. There can be no doubt that, as soon as the Bolsheviks fall, however that may happen, the Union is destined to play a decisive part in the resurrection of the national force in arms and in the re-establishment of law and order. The Red Army, which is a political organization intimately connected with the political regime whence it sprang, cannot survive it and will disappear with it.

Today the Russian emigrants are divided into several political clans which go on talking with passionate zeal. These discussions surprise foreigners; they do not realize that the very existence of these differences shows that

the difficult life of the exile has not killed his spirit; that we are seeking eagerly the larger hope; and that our sentiments turn with ardour to our country. In these wide divisions of emigrants the Union of Old Russian Soldiers has found general sympathy; and at this moment it counts friends and supporters in all the political camps of the Russian Dispersion.

What is, then, the programme of this organization? What are its political ideals? They are to fight to the death against the Communist power which has subdued Russia; to deny any possibility of treating with it; to believe in the Russian people, and the conviction that this people alone has the right to choose the forms of its future government and to arrange its country on its own lines.

Representing national Russia, we do a unique service to our country. Owing no allegiance to anybody, we are ready to advance with all those who are against Communism and Socialism. We seek nothing for ourselves, and do not desire the restitution by force of the old preferential rights of the governing classes. As servants of our country, we are ready to join all the Russians who have fought and are fighting now against the Bolsheviks, and all those who to this day have been forced to remain in Russia under the yoke of the power they hate and are obliged to obey.

Six years have passed since the day when we left our native soil. By painful work the Russian army gains its bread, enduring affronts and humiliations. But in spite of all its privations and misfortunes it has not lost its faith in the approaching triumph of the sacred cause. Slowly the eyes of Europe are being opened to the real meaning of Bolshevism. The nations of Europe are beginning to understand the danger of the Red madness, of the risk the world of civilization runs in the existence of an international hot-bed which uses the immense resources of our land to keep up its destructive work. The heart of our country has been quickened by the forces of sanity; they will grow and cannot be stopped. We are no longer alone in our struggle.

United as we are by all that we have lived through together, owing our existence to none but ourselves, we

wait calmly for the day when our forces will be recalled by our country, and we shall give them to her joyfully. The other day I visited the grave of the Unknown Soldier. What a magnificent symbol of heroism, love, and an army's self-sacrifice for its country! Passers-by uncovered to pay homage to the hero. Every country has put up similar monuments. Everywhere the memory of the hero and patriot is commemorated. The Russian army alone is forgotten. Its high deeds, its privations and its sufferings are nowhere remembered. Deprived of its country, hunted and disowned, it is forced to earn its bread by hard work, in the mines, the factories, the yards. The unknown Russian soldier, who has shed his blood so lavishly for the common cause, still waits for the moment of his honouring. His tomb is deserted. He has no crown, no flame of remembrance. But we are confident that the hour of recognition is at hand.

History, which knows no favouritism, will tell the importance of our struggle, the capacity of our sacrifices. It will know that the fight we carried on for the love of our country, for the resurrection of Russia as a nation, was indeed at the same time to safeguard the culture of Europe, the struggle for an age-long civilization, for the defence of Europe against the Red terror. On that day the nations of Europe will salute the Russian army, paying homage to its valour, its sufferings and its death agonies.

The Way of Salvation for Ireland

By "Pat"

I HAVE had a bad time of it for years demonstrating the obvious to the blind, but even Lord Birkenhead begins to see now that the Irish question is not settled.

After five years of parochial silence the imperial Press was quite surprised by the recent intrusion of Mr. de Valera's people into the Dublin Parliament, showing Mr. Cosgrave in a minority, as if that could make any change in the realities. Mr. Cosgrave had never had a majority. He had been put in power by the Black-and-Tans, who, if they could but visit Ireland once in five years, might keep him in office for life. As the memory of those gentlemen recedes, rebellion becomes articulate again, and "Up de Valera" is now heard in villages where the name was unmentionable since 1923.

The Black-and-Tans cannot visit Ireland once in five years. It is prohibited by the terms of the Treaty, which enable the rebels, by a false oath of allegiance, to get control of the army and strike England in the next war with the weapons provided by England herself for "the destruction of the British Empire." I am not revealing a secret. I am only reporting the public boast of the rebels themselves. There are two parties who have been quite honest about this dismal business from the beginning—the old-fashioned Tories in England and the new-fashioned rebels in Ireland. I believe they are majorities in both countries and cannot be ignored in a real settlement, whether written in blood or ink. The rebels are certainly a majority in the Free State, no matter how they figure in the Parliament.

In search of amusement I went to five public meetings in the Free State during the election campaign. Four of them were never held, because the people refused to come, though agents-in-advance had been sent to gather them. The orators were there, but no audience, not even one person. The fifth meeting found an audience, because it was a fair day in the town. I do not know how the journalists get their reports of the multitudes and the enthusiasm. I could find neither, but perhaps this was because of my foreign "training." What I

could see very plainly was that the people were quite sick of the Free State and their Government, bound to vote for them, if at all, by the memory of the Black-and-Tans. My account will please the republicans, but their own outlook is "the destruction of the British Empire," which is very slow for a people threatened with starvation, not to mention that the British might object.

I heard only one significant speech. It was delivered in private, of course. Having listened to the oratory on both sides, a typical peasant in the crowd said, "God direct us for the best." The people in his group answered, "Amen." It had not occurred to them that God might wish them to direct themselves, or that in any case democracy required them to do so. The peasant's prayer might be translated without violence to the intention: "May God save the Irish people from the Free State Government!" Their choice is between bad and worse. They may elect Mr. de Valera and see salvation more remote. Puzzled between revolution and starvation, they can only pray, "God direct us for the best"; but even in this their course is not clear. God's guidance can reach them only through an alien and hostile interpretation. They dare not intrepret it for themselves, yet they assume that they can find "freedom" through a Parliament chosen in obedience to that alien will. They got the Parliament for "freedom," and they work it for an enormous increase in their slavery. Their outlook is worse than rebellion. They are rebels who cannot even rebel.

After riding the high horse of republican sovereignty for ten years, refusing the oath of allegiance and, therefore, their seats, Mr. de Valera's Household Guards came trooping into the Dublin Parliament as a kind of Republican-Imperialists, hating the Empire, doubting the Republic and despising the Free State, with a signed oath of allegiance in one hand, an unsigned declaration of independence in the other, and on their lips a faithful promise that they mean to keep no faith. The best reason they can give for taking the oath is that they do not mean to keep it. They admit that they despise themselves for taking it, but they mean to redeem their honour by breaking it, and the Government has not the sense to see that this is no oath at all. They take the

oath of allegiance to proclaim in Parliament that they own no allegiance. The gravity of the Parliament makes a good background for the farce, and the only thing missing is my friend Synge to complete a first-rate extravaganza: "The 154 Playboys of the Western World."

It is probable that those who take the oath to break it are quite as "loyal" as those who pretend to keep it, so that in real truth it matters little which side goes in to bowl out John Bull from the Dublin wicket. It is only the difference between a disguised enemy and an honest one. From start to finish Mr. de Valera has been impossibly honest, while the other people have laboured to obey the same motive by a different method. I have never for a moment at any time believed that a real settlement could be secured without Mr. de Valera's consent, and it is quite possible that the imperial privilege of negotiating with him may be reopened. His weakness is that the Irish are not really republican, descended as they so largely are from a race of peasant princes in the most king-ridden island on the earth.

Those who thought the Irish question was settled, including nearly all the London editors, must now go again over the old ground, but this time in a less dogmatic spirit, which may lend new light to the gaiety of parliaments, if not new strength to the stability of empires. With all my knowledge of Ireland, I dare not guess what may happen. We may even have fighting, but I think not. Even so, let us have the laughter first, to make sure of it. For once the Dublin Parliament has risen to the national tradition, and the brilliance of the curtain scene is enough to make up for the deadly dullness of the performance for the past five years.

The serious aspect of it is that, though an official Opposition appears for the first time, it is not a constitutional Opposition. Its policy is revolution, but any form of revolution must attack the Treaty, and so involve England as one of the contracting parties. If I were in Mr. Cosgrave's position I should possibly feel like this: "I have done my best, and risked my life to do it. De Valera has made my best useless. The people have not backed me against him. They have rather helped him to make me helpless. Then, let them have de Valera,

and find out how much better they like his results." It is playing with revolution, but what can Mr. Cosgrave do? This must be his position soon, if not already.

Other great men arise in the crisis with Mr. de Valera, each with his followers, like the chieftains of old round the High King, but nobody knows why these small parties exist, unless because the greatness of great men must have followers. No principle is apparent in the little parties, with the sole exception of Labour. The tribal instinct still prevails over democracy in "a Parliament of our own," like the 50,000 of the clans who ran away from Strongbow's 5,000 very near the same spot where the Dublin Parliament is debating now. Some long for "another Strongbow." Others put their trust in Lord Birkenhead, who has made it clear that he has no intention to surrender before the first blow is struck. The Southern Unionists are the only people who appear to appreciate the humour of the position, and it says much for their sense of sport, seeing how they have been betrayed and how they have suffered. I want Lord Birkenhead to know that they "would not for anything have the British back again"; but for the present it is not their intention to join Mr. de Valera, though they would much rather trust his people than the others. The Government of the Free State are afraid of the Church. The fear has made them weak. The weakness has made them unpopular. Yet the memory of the Black-and-Tans may put them into office again.

Are the Imperial statesmen quite satisfied with the results of their official policy?—"We mean to manage the Irish through the medium of their bishops." It was not a discreet confession. It becomes embarrassing to the bishops, and is likely to be still more embarrassing to them.

While I write, the Dublin shuffle develops its first stages. I have mentioned but the surface activities and the temporary signs of a grave reality—the fate of a community which Government has made ungovernable and whose conduct can affect the interests of life far outside their own.

"What must I do to be saved?" cries the Irish Free State. Her ablest statesman answers, at his best, and

she murders him for it. No one is found guilty. No one is guilty. The murder is "right." Then, what can be wrong? Nothing. His place is supplied, but not his personality. The difference marks another stage downward to the death that must await all things where "right" and "wrong" have no meaning.

The fittest man is "removed," because he was the fittest, and the minor personalities, who threaten no improvement on the medieval obsession, are permitted to procreate for the dominion of the unfit. Mr. O'Higgins was suspected of opening his eyes, and, worse, of trying to open the eyes of others. There were signs of statesmanship in him. Unlike the minor personalities, he meant to guide his conduct by his own vision. He borrowed no blinkers from the myopic stock of the Dark Ages. Had he not told the Catholic Truth Society that they were "fatalists?" Had he not demanded a higher morality to keep Irish capital for employment at home instead of exporting it for safety with the emigrant workers? He and Parnell have fallen for the same end, by the same force—a hidden intelligence trained for assassination to menace democracy and freedom. It is not republicanism. The republicans have lost more than anybody else by it. What is the hidden intelligence? To be saved, the Free State must answer. This is written to help her, but most of what I have to say would apply to any other authority attempting government in the Free State.

A comment on my article in THE ENGLISH REVIEW for June: "Have you nothing to offer but destructive criticism?" I have. The challenge is fair, but I could not build before clearing the ground. Here I want to tell, exactly as I see it, what the Free State must do to be saved. I am forced to assume that it is worth saving, and that some trace of constructive capacity survives in it.

First of all, the people must realize their position and its needs, as a community responsible for working a constitution, a legislature, and a government. In no respect, so far, have they shown any workable conception of the State, apart from the small minority among them who opposed the obligation until it was forced on them. For instance, they pay about £4 10s. for one pound's

worth of very bad government, and they form no opinions to amend the balance. Very few of them know, or care, what "the State" means. They cannot think of themselves as belonging to it and responsible for directing it. They only know that they belong to the Church. No Catholic can be an Irishman any more.

They have one of the best constitutions ever written. It provides "liberty of conscience," essential to all liberty, but there is no liberty of conscience for Irish Catholics. They cannot tolerate it in each other. They can tolerate it in a Protestant, on the ground that he "knows no better," but in the canonical order of values it is an impertinence. They call it "sin." About 80 per cent. of them stand solemnly bound, under pain of eternal torture, to degrade the constitutional liberties for which they have pretended to agitate during a whole century, and the executive services of the State itself, dependent on such personnel, are forced to co-operate in the required persecution. Instead of adapting executive method to constitutional intention, the Government are menaced by the hidden hand that holds the instruments of murder. A State may live in such conditions for a time, but only learning how to die.

In any attempt to understand the people of the Free State now, or for the future, we had better keep two facts before us: (1) A few years ago 70 per cent. of them voted themselves out of the Empire; (2) for several generations before that the imperial politicians had, as an avowed "policy," co-operated with Catholicism against their rights and liberties as subjects of the Crown. In my judgment they are less guilty of "treason" than the statesmen who made a traffic in their treachery. As a result the Free State belongs now to the moral order that would refuse a partnership in paradise for a presidentship in perdition.

The people must settle for themselves what they mean by their place in the Empire, or out of it. Half in, half out, they can but decay, divided against each other, with a vastly stronger power against them all. The Empire works out her own evolution and, as it proceeds, separation tends to become painful. As a seceder the Free State would now have to reckon with

five or six other nations, no longer with England only, and the weakest of them more than twice as strong as herself. In effect she would be saying to them: "Your company is not good enough for me," and after six such insults her "place among the nations of the earth" could hardly be pleasant. New Zealand has a constitutional interest in the strategic value of Haulbowline, and so has Belfast in the boundaries of the Punjab.

The Free Staters do not know what the Empire is. How could they? They do not even know what their own country is. While they shout about "the nation," their real mental boundary is the parish, where the priest is much more than an emperor. He teaches them to hate the Empire, but forbids them to know it. Their Press calls it "barbarism," while mankind admires it. Their ignorance is necessary to their hate, and their "education" accommodates both; but this is one of the fatal examples imposed on them by England herself, who confided their education to the priest and got rebellion in return. The Free State has now to survive that treacherous inheritance. No community in the world answers more exactly to the social deformities inflicted by superior power impelled by alien motives. England cannot honestly deny her share in a single one of the evils that afflict the Irish, and Rome is more to blame than England.

As now reconstituted, the British Empire is the first and the only attempt in history to associate States in an imperial system by combining the power of all to advance and defend the freedom of each for the utmost distinctiveness in its separate nationhood. It is the first and only attempt to imperialize the motive power of national patriotism by increasing the national unit, as such, instead of losing its individuality in the imperial whole, and by always assuring to the unit something very much more than its membership subscription. The guiding motive is at every point co-operative, and if the union costs any member more than her fair share, that member is the mother country. The whole Empire undertakes the defence of the Free State in her right and liberty to do exactly as she likes in her own domestic development, and her security from foreign interference is guaranteed

without regard to any contribution of her own. The defence of all Ireland is in any case a British obligation, which would have to be observed just the same if all Ireland were completely outside the Empire. Never before has any community been blind enough to despise such a privilege.

Until our time, and everywhere, imperialism knew no better than to reduce the constituent States to a common denominator, informed by no conscious principle beyond the cohesion of the mass opposing the repulsion of the units; so that the political history of the world is largely a record of ruinous transitions from either form to the other, incapable of continuity and never sure of peace. The Germans afford the last example on a great scale, but the partition of Austria is a still more accurate one. Whatever happens to the Free State, future ages and races must honour the authors of the first conscious and scientific attempt to co-ordinate completely autonomous nations in the complete integrity of an Empire, by a scheme quite free from the bondage of definitions, and the more scientific because preferring to depend on forces deeper than have yet been defined by the formal sociologist. Apart from the immediate value of the partnership in practice, it promises to produce a new factor in the security and progress of civilization. Even if we assume the motive to be merely material power, it stands as the grandest and boldest experiment in political history, a social phenomenon as fascinating as it is instructive.

If the Free Staters knew the meaning of liberty, they would take leave to learn what the Empire is. If they had no connection with it, still it would be their duty as civilized people to study it, and not less so when they know, as they must, that it forms an inseparable part of the environment in which they have to live or die. If they were quite outside it, it would still be their need to plead for the privilege of coming in. Yet the hindrances are there, authentic, and for the present impassable. In the whole Empire there are only two serious dangers of disruption—Brahmanism and Catholicism. Even Mohammedanism can be induced to reason.

To be saved, the Free State must reduce her cost of

government by at least 50 per cent. At that, she would still be 100 per cent. above what British rule cost her, for government far less despicable. The farther she gets from the Empire, the greater the distrust of capital to increase her solvency. The better the Catholic, the more promptly he exports his capital to the care of foreign "heretics," safe from his Parliament and his priest.

The present rate of expenditure is more than £15,000,000 a year in excess of taxable capacity. Production to match it would mean a very great increase in productive power, and nothing like that can ever come while the present system of "education" is permitted to deform the character of the community, which keeps them unemployable. The agrarians, who are more than 75 per cent. of the population, were more industrious and more solvent when they could neither read nor write. They were also much more honest. For example, their Government have lately adopted an official report on banking which contains this challenge to the Church: "We further urge the imperative need for improving the moral standard of the community." Mr. O'Higgins was suspected of preparing bombshells of this sort against Infallibility, and, of course, it is always better to die in grace than to live in heresy. He was also openly accused of co-operating with "Freemasons," even in connection with the Banking Commission, and we all know that in the mind of the typical Free Stater a Freemason is a person who ought to be put to death. Yet there seems to have been a mistake: Mr. O'Higgins was murdered on his way to Mass. Would it not be better to leave executions for heresy to the judges or the Government? I am quite certain that no priest has ever said to anybody, "Go and murder Kevin O'Higgins," but I know as a fact that the average priest and the average school make it their business to breed a type of potential murderers, who need but the final touch of sanctified fury to do the deed. I have seen them frothing at the mouth, their eyes turned red, exactly like mad dogs, as a direct result of falsehood from the pulpit, uttered for "sacred eloquence."

About half the amount of the annual insolvency can be cancelled at once by dropping the silly fiction about "sovereignty" and facing the facts honestly as they stand.

The Imperial power is now, and must remain, the real defence. There is not the least need for a Free State Army unless to defend the people against each other, and that also is cancelled the moment a constitutional consent is sincerely established. In other words, the Imperial connection is worth about eight millions a year immediately to the Free State, for nothing, and in her poverty she chooses to lose the money in order to deny the connection, though it is plain that she cannot possibly get rid of it. So long as Ireland is so near England, the British can never ignore the possible need to defend themselves against the lodgment of an enemy in the Free State. The Free State Army does not now cost so much as eight millions (one year it cost £10,000,000), but we can see other services similarly inflated in sympathy with the same stupid fiction. Ireland's connection with the Empire was enacted in the decrees of geology and astronomy, and could not be amended by any less power than the Parliament of Cosmos. Some day the Empire may move west, and govern Middlesex from Galway, but neither island can ever consent to a training ground for her destruction in the other.

The remaining half of the Free State's annual insolvency would soon vanish as a result of cancelling the first. A few years of real settlement could develop production by that amount ten times over. Whatever the surplus of Irish capital in England, ten times as much would go back with great gladness, to a friend; to an enemy, the Black-and-Tans. We all want our friends to prosper, but loving an enemy is often waste of life, and the enemy whom we try to love often takes it for our cowardice, which ministers to his enmity. The whole thing is in the choice of the Free Staters themselves, to be friends or enemies, and to take the harvest in accord with the sowing. This is plainer speech than the statesmen use, but the statesmanship might be better if its speech were plainer. Whether the existing scheme is, or not, to be the permanent basis, the fact remains that it is not a settlement, because it has not been sincerely accepted even by those who voted to ratify it in the Dublin Parliament. After the voting, most of them explained it as "freedom to achieve freedom," which, to

me, means an intention to stab a neighbour in the back, under a pretence of friendship, at the first opportunity. I do not see how any two contracting parties can prosper by a "settlement" like that, which is simply a concession by power to enmity for the further encouragement of the enemy. Assuming a real settlement instead of this thing, the cost of government in the Free State would be nearly as small as it was under the Union, only about a fourth of what it is at present.

The next great need is that propounded by John Dillon, "to overhaul Irish education from top to bottom," but his proposition proved enough to abolish his parliamentary party. It might be enough to abolish the Free State. The Republicans went even farther than Dillon, and produced a specific programme, by far the best and most suitable I have ever seen suggested for Ireland; but the Republicans also were abolished, and since then education in the Free State has lapsed steadily back towards the standard of the Dark Ages, while its cost has increased by more than 200 per cent. Next for abolition? If anything, even the Free State, can be abolished in that way, the sooner it is abolished the better, so that something real may replace it for the "overhauling" which is overdue by several centuries. Meantime, a rather ill-educated foreigner of narrow mind, who has been dead for more than six hundred years, exercises far more authority over Irish education than the Dublin Parliament, where not a man dares dispute him, though nearly all the knowledge that makes a modern nation fit to live has been established since Thomas Aquinas.

No reform can meet the case which does not completely deliver the teacher from the priest, and the school from its present practice as a training place for criminals. Let the priest teach religion, if he can, and be confined to it, that he may have a better chance of "improving the moral standard of the community," as urged by the Free State Government and their inquiring commission of bankers.

The teacher is less learned than the priest, but much better educated; therefore, much better fitted to manage the school than his clerical manager. Seeing that the present system, under clerical management, has so

lamentably damaged the character of the people that it is impossible to capitalize their labour, somebody interested in this world, and not merely in another, ought to be made manager of the school, if but to show the priest how far he is below the practicable standard of secular morality as developed in and by the people for themselves, free from the Anglo-Roman conspiracy that has made traitors and criminals of them in the name of "Government." In reading and writing there is more than enough, at least of the kind. The great need is for character, and for a higher morality than the priest has been either able or willing to provide. The past five years have proved that it is not enough to get free from the tyrannies of another country, for it has only intensified the vastly more degrading tyrannies that multiply traitors and criminals at home in the sacred name of "religion," by a system formerly subsidized from Westminster, and now from Dublin at more than four times the cost. If I must be made a criminal slave, I should rather pay £1 for the privilege than £4 10s., but the new slavery is more perfect and more criminal than the old by the full amount of the difference in the price of it.

We have it on the authority of the bishops themselves that the Catholics of the Free State are "murderers and robbers." Those to whom they have repeatedly applied this description are at least 75 per cent. of the population. We can exempt only the Protestants and the few Catholics whose social status and family relations keep them morally superior to the thing they call their "religion." Suppose the bishops' description is true. Whose is the responsibility? Their power over public morals has been practically absolute, at least since 1829, only two years short of the century, and the fall in public morals has been in full proportion to the rise in the power of the priest. Under the "Penal Laws," the Irish nation was comparatively prosperous, because the people were protected from the priest. Before 1829 the population had increased more than 100 per cent. Since then, under Catholic "Emancipation," the population has fallen fully 50 per cent., in the most progressive of all the ages, and Ulster has been cut off as a further result. The explanation is simple. Only the priest was "emancipated."

His emancipation meant the increased enslavement of the people, and now, within the year, an eminent priest tells me, "The Church is rotten." England's great sin against us is in having co-operated with this elaborate infamy, and subsidized it at our expense for our degradation. Having done it, she hands us over to the fearful mercy of the "rotten" church, and orders her London morning papers, under strict penalties, to close their doors against our right of redress. I think I could be a republican, but for the republicans' cowardly terror of the priest, running after him to have their dirty little souls saved by the "rotten" Church. (The word is not mine.)

The republicans profess to hate "British Imperialism," which has now quite ceased to interfere in their affairs, and they literally bow down to worship the "rotten" deity of Roman Imperialism, which enslaves them in every parish, in every home, in the soul of every man, and in the heart of every woman. They complain that the "rotten" Church has been England's chief prop in Ireland. Why not kick down the prop? It would be less than the work of a week, without shedding a drop of blood, for in a battle of this sort, only mental and moral ammunition is any good. While the prop, at their mercy, defies them, they profess to fight England, and found their hope on "the destruction of the British Empire." Do they elaborate the ultimate impossibility to disguise their terror of the minor and immediate duty to freedom? So far, their net result is to make the Constitution and the Parliament quite useless to their purpose, preventing the autonomous evolution of the community—exactly what suits the "rotten" Church. If Irish Catholicism has no place for Christianity and no alternative means to a moral standard, the first duty of the State, republican or other, is to sweep it clear out of the way as a moral nuisance and a social degradation. In other countries we find Catholicism quite Christian. Why not in Ireland? Educated Continentals of the Catholic faith deny that "this thing in Ireland," as they call it, is Catholicism, and they may quote the Irish bishops to confirm their denial. Whether a system which makes "murderers and robbers" of a whole community is Catholicism or not, it certainly cannot be Christianity.

Mines Nationalization

Coming Great Political Issue

By E. T. Good

THE new campaign for the nationalization of the mines will have to be taken seriously. The miners' leaders are in earnest; they have the support of the trade unions; they have the enthusiastic support of the Labour Party; and the Labour Party is not only His Majesty's Opposition, but the only party at present in a position to form a Government alternative to that in power. Incidentally, the present Government is in danger of losing many of its supporters. Mines nationalization, therefore, must be regarded as a first-class political issue. The task of Conservatives, of Liberals who believe in private enterprise, and of all who do not favour Socialism, is to meet and beat the nationalization movement with serious argument—to convince the majority of the electors that nationalization would not be good for the nation.

It is necessary, first, to prove that this movement is false. The proposer of the nationalization resolution at the Miners' Conference the other day stated, among other things, that the miners, or their Federation, had tried "every means to improve the lot of their people. They had had local, county, and national strikes. . . . By nationalization there would be more paid in wages. That would give the men something to hope for." The miners have certainly tried strikes, but they have not tried co-operation with their employers. They have not tried industrial peace. They have not tried regular and uninterrupted working in order to satisfy existing customers and attract new ones. They have done almost everything possible to wreck the trade that employs them. That is why they are in distress—why they are on low wages and short time. They have driven trade away. The truth cannot be repeated too often or emphasized too strongly.

MINES NATIONALIZATION

The Socialists base their movement on the alleged failure of capitalism. If capitalism has failed, why has it failed? It has failed because Socialistic Labour has set itself out to wreck industry. The most perfect machine in the world will not work properly if grit is being constantly thrown into it in an effort to smash it. When capitalism had anything like a fair chance in the coal trade, the coal trade made solid progress. Even now, after all the damage done by agitation and strikes, the British mining industry pays the highest wages in Europe, and it exports more coal than Germany and the United States put together.

The movement for nationalization of mines is false because the leaders do not even mean true or real nationalization, that is to say, national ownership with national control. The Miners' Federation Bill proves this. The miners' attitude towards the Sankey scheme proved it. Take the last point first. The Sankey Commissioners issued separate and largely contradictory reports. The Socialists pretend to take their stand on the chairman's report; but the miners' leaders themselves rejected that part of the Sankey scheme which did not suit their purpose. They rejected that part which safeguarded the interests of the nation. As we shall hear much about the Sankey scheme in the coming campaign, it may be well to recall the facts and circumstances.

Mr. Justice Sankey only recommended nationalization as a subject for Parliamentary consideration conditional upon the miners undertaking not to strike against the State, or the public, unless and until their grievances had been considered by proper tribunals, and then only after due notice. The miners' leaders announced that they would not give up the right to strike suddenly, as and when it suited them, regardless of the national interest. They were challenged in the House of Commons by the then Prime Minister, Mr. Lloyd George, but refused to give any sort of pledge, or utter one word in favour of true nationalization, which means control as well as ownership by the nation. Outside the House of Commons the leaders spoke openly of the " mines for the miners," and of so strengthening their organization that they might "fight the State under nationalization more effectively

than they had hitherto fought the capitalists under private enterprise." All this is on record.

In the House of Commons Mr. Brace, speaking for the miners in reply to a challenge, confessed that he had not even thought about the rights of the nation in case the miners, after nationalization, went on strike against the community in support of other strikers, and he admitted that he had no authority from the Federation to promise that the men would not strike against the public. Mr. Graham, another miners' leader, made a public speech about the miners "fighting the State" when the mines were nationalized. The frank statement was made that if the mines were nationalized, the miners must be "more determined than ever in their policy, more vigorous in their union organization, because, instead of fighting local employers, they would be fighting the Government." Mr. Straker, one of the oldest of the miners' leaders, admitted before the Sankey Commission, when questioned by Sir Adam Nimmo, that the policy of the miners was to retain the full right to strike under nationalization, to reject arbitration awards when they thought fit, and to "force the hand of the Government by striking." The six Socialist members of the Commission opposed the vital clauses in the Sankey scheme, which dealt with strikes against the nation.

Now turn to the Miners' Federation Mines Nationalization Bill. That Bill not only stipulates that at least half the members of the chief Mining Council shall be elected by the Federation, but that such Council, so composed, shall do nothing save by consent and approval of the Executive Committee of the Federation. In other words, a trade union committee, no matter how badly elected, even if all the members are minority men, as Mr. Cook is the "minority movement" and minority vote-elected secretary of the union—such a committee is to be supreme over the Mining Council, over the Mines Department, over the Government and the nation. It is a case of "the mines for the miners" at the public cost and regardless of the public good or rights. Not a clause, provision, or line in the Federation Bill gives the nation, or its Government or Parliament, any sort or kind of control, democratic or otherwise. The nation is to find

the necessary hundreds of millions for nationalization; it is to accept full financial responsibility; it is to provide the money for any and every madcap scheme which a "minority movement" committee may launch; but it is to have not a particle of control. The miners are to fix their own wages and hours and conditions from A to Z—at the public cost.

Much more practical, fair, and rational systems of nationalization have failed abroad. For many years before the war, Germany had some State mines. They were real State mines, controlled as well as owned by the State. Moreover, if there is any nation or race cut out to make a success of a nationalized industry, it is the German. But those State mines in Germany never showed such good results as the capitalist mines in the same country. In output per unit of labour and capital, in wages paid, in profits realized, and in serving the public with cheap coal, they never did so well as the collieries run by private enterprise. Even Mr. Robert Smillie, anxious to find some good in nationalized mines, had, after a special investigation, to confess that he had nothing good to say about the German State mines or their labour conditions.

Following the war, Germany set up a Socialist-Republican Government. Even that Government did not venture to nationalize the rest of the mines, for the record of the nationalized concerns was so bad. But the new Government ventured a scheme of so-called democratic control. It formed joint committees of owners, miners, consumers, and State officials to manage the entire coal trade, nationalized and private. The results were disastrous. There were endless meetings and conferences and debates and bickerings; but output tumbled down and costs mounted up. A crisis developed. A special inquiry had to be made. The system was condemned; the State mines were denationalized in the sense that they were placed under strictly business management; and since then the German coal industry has so progressed that its best pre-war records in efficiency have been beaten.

Alien Immigration to Canada

By "Arvic"

TWENTY years ago a man experimenting with grains discovered a new wheat.

To the British farmer the discovery was in no way revolutionary. Indeed, the chances are that "Marquis" is yet a stranger to him. Yet it has revolutionized life in a tract of country half a dozen times the size of the British Isles, and made the Canadian West and North-West the greatest wheatfield in the world.

Save to the expert and the farmer, there is nothing out of the way about "Marquis" wheat. A field of it, in its prairie setting, does not look any different from any you might see in any August on English ground. Nevertheless, as a direct result of the development of this hardy, quick-ripening, frost-resisting grain, cultivation and colonization in three provinces—Manitoba, Saskatchewan, and Alberta—have in the above-mentioned twenty years crept hundreds of miles to the north.

It is not so long ago—well within the memory of old men—that the Unites States boundary, which is for a thousand miles the forty-ninth parallel, was regarded as the northern limit of the wheatfield. Farmers who went up "into Canada" and started grain-growing in those latitudes were looked upon with mild amusement, for it was held that no wheat would flourish under that low sun. Today the laugh is with the Canadians. They are growing "Marquis" well above the fifty-third parallel: something like four hundred miles to the north of the old theoretical limit of the Jeremiahs. And not only growing "Marquis," but growing all kinds of it, a perfect flood of grain, with, all things considered, a surprisingly low percentage of crop-failures.

There is a belt of new country, four hundred miles wide, and sometimes more, and very nearly a thousand miles long, which has been put under cultivation since the late nineties. Its northern edge trails off into wood and lake and marsh, the true North-West, about which railway-bookstall fiction tells ingenious untruths, full of minerals so far as is known, but as yet undeveloped. To the south of it, over the imaginary boundary line, is the wheat-belt of the States. To use a banal expression, Western Canada is the granary of Empire: let us consider

awhile its inhabitants, what manner of men and women have come up to grow grain since the beginning of the century. Whatever views you may hold on the continuity of the British Empire, and you will find some strange ones in these very prairie provinces, you in England are always going to be dependent for your grain-stuffs on this half a million square miles of just-broken land; it is an economic fact which any of your millers will confirm. Consequently it is of interest to you to know what kind of man is invading this territory, and what he is likely to think about you and your doings.

In 1890 there were, practically speaking, no cities between Winnipeg and the Pacific coast, and the rolling prairie for six or seven hundred miles knew only a few isolated villages and still more isolated individual settlers. Saskatchewan alone has now a population of three-quarters of a million, and the crude fact is that far too many of that three-quarters of a million do not give one consecrated hoot for you Britons or for any of your ideas and ideals of an Empire.

Seeing that they are foreigners—Russians, Germans, Scandinavians, "Medes, Parthians and Elamites"—there is no particular reason why they should. There is absolutely and emphatically no complaint to be levelled against them, either as foreigners or as citizens of Canada; they are, as a rule, honest, incredibly frugal, industrious sons and daughters of toil, and they have had a great hand in making this half-million square miles habitable.

But, if it is of any interest to you to maintain the tie between your grain reserve and yourselves, whether you regard that tie as a sentimental one or a mere matter of politics, you will have to look into the question of the foreigner in Canada. It is a matter which you can, with the most extreme goodwill and concurrence of the Canadian Government itself, settle for yourselves, and thereby solve one of your own too obviously pressing problems. For the Canadian Government, although not in any sense looking askance on the foreigner, has proclaimed again and again that what it wants here, and what it must have here, is the settler of British stock: not essentially because the British settler is any better as a settler than the Ukrainian or Mennonite or Swede, but because it is clearly more conducive to the ultimate

benefit of what we will not cease calling the British Empire that the main and controlling stock here should be, in its ideals and sympathies, if not in its political allegiance, British. At the present time it is so, but with the ever-increasing influx of immigrants from the continent of Europe that condition of affairs is not going to last.

The trouble about the average Briton is that he is incurably sentimental about his country: attached soul and body to the worn and crowded islands of his fathers. The sentiment is a pretty one, and infinitely excusable. Nevertheless it is narrow. It is also, under the circumstances, unbusinesslike. Here is a country, over the shoulder of the world, not an easy country—you have to work here—but new, in process of development, full of quiet and unspectacular opportunity for the new man, and extending to you specific preference; and at present it is, beyond any questioning, passing into the hands—sooner or later into the economic and political control—of peoples strange to you. And you, with the evils of overcrowding and industrialism burning into your eyes, let it be so.

There has been nothing in history, save perhaps the Aryan migrations into Europe, comparable to the flow of the Slavonic, Teutonic, and Mediterranean races into America in the last generation. The States have recognized it, and put up a "quota" wall against it; and the States have their reasons. They are quite seriously threatened with a surplus of population, particularly in the East; and they are still more nervous about this very foreign-domination question.

But Canada is certainly not in any danger of saturation so far as numbers go; in fact, her main need is men. Her total strength is something short of ten millions, and the prairies are still very sparsely settled, even for agricultural land. She can obviously put up no definite restrictions on the numbers or the nationality of her immigrants, although she does even now discourage the yellow races. For Europeans she lies wide open; and the comparatively unsentimental continentals are flocking in and taking hold.

In this grain-field there are whole blocks where English, save in the schools, is never heard, and where an

Anglo-Saxon name is unknown. I have before me at present a rural telephone directory, covering an area of a couple of hundred square miles; every one of the subscribers—nearly a hundred of them—is Russian; and the thing is common. Great tracts of country, bigger than an English county, are simply becoming foreign; and with this condition of affairs spreading, it is easy to see what might occur.

I shall be met here, I know, by the pious aspirations of the educationists. They will tell you that the present basis of population is nothing to get alarmed about; that in a generation we shall have educated Feodor and Katinka and Ole into "good Canadians," and that they will, as a race, have forgotten the Volga or the Oder or the Fjords. Is it very likely? Is there any evidence at all that racial sentiments and aspirations and prejudices can be educated out? It certainly does not look like it in the States; and even now we have second generation colonists here, who have been exposed to the excellent British-made system of education, who speak English and act English on occasion, but whose home tongue is that of their parents, and who think with them. The point, as a matter of fact, is not worth arguing. There are fifty communities in this particular province as living evidence to the contrary.

This is not intended as an advertisement of Western Canada, or any part of Canada, as a paradise. The "ballyhoo" can be done by other people, and there is, as a matter of fact, a lot of legitimate ground for "ballyhoo"; it is a fine workers' country. My point is that, from force of circumstances, the Canadian Government is being compelled to people the enormous Western plains—an area, say what you will, potentially of more importance to you than the East—with folk alien to you in everything; and that the notion that you can train these immigrants in one generation or in five to be essentially anything but what they are is dangerously optimistic. If immigration goes on as it is going, despite the most strenuous efforts of the Government to attract British settlers and level up the races in the West, in no very long time the grain-field is going to be dominated by aliens.

At present they are out of politics in the West. Their time is taken up, as communities, in making a stake, in acquiring education, and in settling down on

their new farms. But as these communities grow, it is impossible that people with the solid merits and the traditions—above all the traditions—of these will suffer themselves to be kept politically in the background by a minority of men of British descent. Sooner or later they are going to demand, organize for, and get a voice in the control of the country proportional to their numbers and interest—which voice they will be perfectly entitled to have on any principle of political justice. The only question—and it is not a minor question as far as England is concerned—is whether the resulting state of affairs is going to be a good one.

Central Europeans are notoriously unstable politically. They have not the inbred hard-headedness which makes the historic British workman capable of listening to an agitator quite complacently for an hour, and then, over his pint on the settle, shaking his head with a grin that "Things aren't like that!" I am very far from hinting that the outlander elements here have no potential administrative ability; my point is that they have no political tradition, nor any conception of the historical background behind their present liberties. Nor am I even remotely hinting at the possibility of their making any of the spectacularly disastrous social experiments here which we have seen in other countries. If there is one disease against which Western Canada is proof, I should say it was Communism. They are far too fond of their individual freedom.

But what I do say is this. Here is a tract of country, half a million square miles of it, no mere unexplored and undeveloped mining area, nor a cattle ranch, but agricultural, capable of close settling, one day of manufacturing; climatically and in every other way a white man's country, and actually at this moment an economic necessity to you, and likely to remain so. There is a very real danger of its ultimate domination by men not of your own race, thrifty, determined, intelligent, and hard-working, at present politically asleep. It seems to me that its colonization by yourselves is more than a matter of mere expediency for an overcrowded people, and that British settlers are wanted here, not simply for their own peculiar qualities of steadiness and endurance, but to redress a situation which is without parallel among the nations of the British Confederation.

Notes from Paris

Franco-German Relations.—The compromise effected over the reduction of the Allied garrisons in the Rhineland has temporarily stilled the controversy about evacuation, and Herr Stresemann, by carefully making no allusion to the subject in his speeches at Geneva, has made it easier for the French to accept a far larger reduction of their Rhine army than they had intended. The whole balance of Franco-German relations now appears to be pivoting on another point. The Germans have realized that if they are to attain what they promised themselves after Locarno, that is to say, the withdrawal of the Allied troops of occupation from the Rhineland before the dates laid down in the Treaty of Versailles, or the modification of the scale of reparation payments stipulated in the Dawes scheme, they must destroy, or at least invalidate, the premise on which the whole of the Treaty terms are based, namely, that Germany was responsible for the war.

The Question of War Guilt.—To demolish this accusation is now the main object of German propaganda. One saw it in Herr Loebe's speech at the Inter-Parliamentary Congress; one sees it again in Marshal Hindenburg's address at the inauguration of the Tannenberg Monument. M. Poincaré, with his lawyer's instinct for essentials, has always foreseen that a settlement of this controversy would lie at the bottom of all dealings with Germany. But he is not prepared to give way on the point, for to yield on the question of war guilt would be to wipe out at one stroke the whole justification for claiming reparations. It is interesting to glance back through his speeches on Franco-German relations. Every one of them, whatever its subsequent tone, begins with a reiteration of the facts which establish Germany's guilt. Since he has been Minister of Finance, and faced with the problem of economic reconstruction in France, he has evidently realized, more clearly than he did in the days of the Ruhr, the necessity of getting to friendly terms with Germany and collaborating with her in the economic sphere. One can trace the gradual rise of a pacific and conciliatory tone in his addresses to Germany during the past year; but his insistence on her responsibility for the war is as strong as ever. It is a coincidence that on the very same day that Marshal Hindenburg, speaking at Tannenberg, protested Germany's innocence,

M. Poincaré once again took the trouble to remind the American Legion of her guilt.

The Americans in Paris. — The holding of the Convention of the American Legion in Paris was an extraordinarily venturesome undertaking, how venturesome its organizers probably never realized until it was well launched. To turn loose 20,000 men and women, bubbling over with a brand of sentiment and high spirits peculiar to themselves, in a foreign city in which their nation is by no means popular was courting disaster. The French have never been able to understand the American attitude over the war debt, and their antipathy was increased by the circumstances of the execution of Sacco and Vanzetti. There was a risk that the march past of the Legion would be booed.

This risk was fortunately averted by the conclusion of the French Government that the visit gave it an opportunity to reach the heart of the American nation and persuade it to forget all about the Liberty Loan. Accordingly it laid itself out to treat the Legionaries like heroes. The welcome it prepared for them was regal. Paris put itself *en fête*. The illuminations on the eve of the Convention were a sight not to be forgotten. Minister after Minister harangued the visitors, and they were accorded the signal honour of being allowed to march under the Arc de Triomphe—a thing which only two armies, the Germans in 1871 and the Allies in 1919, have ever done before. The public was warned in advance that these were soldiers of the Great War who had risked their lives for France and who were coming on a pilgrimage to the graves of their comrades. To make things quite safe the parade was given an escort of French troops, and groups of French ex-soldiers with their flags were interspersed among the Legionaries.

With all these precautions the march past could hardly have miscarried. Actually it was a great success. The marchers did not indeed answer very closely to the French conception of war heroes or pious pilgrims. A large number of them were middle-aged "Babbitts" who had obviously never been nearer to the war than the lines of communication. There was a heavy proportion of very self-conscious young women; while another considerable fraction was made up of brass bands, fantastically uniformed, whose members looked as if they had just marched off the musical comedy stage. However,

bandsmen, " Babbitts," or young women, they were all in very high spirits, and their good-humoured simplicity infected the Paris crowd, which always loves a show, so that everybody was pleased.

Paris will retain a not unpleasant recollection of the Legion, but whether its welcome will lead the visitors to press for the cancelling of the war debt when they get back home seems somewhat doubtful.

A Check to the Communists. — The tussle of the French Government with Communism and the Soviets has passed through an interesting phase during the last month. The desecration of the Unknown Soldier's Tomb on the night of the Sacco and Vanzetti riots was a windfall for the Government. The Unknown Soldier is sacred to every Frenchman, whatever his politics, and the incident, advertised as it was, proved a damaging blow to the Communists. It forced them to sing very small for a time. They had been planning to exploit the unpopularity of the war debt to America, as well as the execution of Sacco and Vanzetti, in a demonstration during the visit of the American Legion, but in face of public opinion against them thought it wise to call off this part of their programme.

Seeing this evident recoil, the Nationalist papers thought they had an opportunity to follow up their victory and force a breach of diplomatic relations with the Soviets. M. Rakowsky's signature of the propaganda manifesto gave them their chance, and there followed a demand in the Press for his dismissal and the recall of the French Ambassador from Moscow. The instigators of this campaign, however, overcalled their hand. They reckoned without the Radical influence in the Cabinet, and overlooked the fact that the signature of a rather unimportant manifesto by the Russian Ambassador and the anti-militarist propaganda of the French Communists were hardly sufficient grounds for a diplomatic rupture, especially since the dissensions among the Russian Communists render the French Embassy in Moscow a particularly valuable post of observation at the moment. The decision of the Cabinet meeting of September 17 will probably mark, for the time being, the limit of the Communist retreat. M. Briand may negotiate M. Rakowsky's recall from Paris on other grounds, but there will be no question for some time of breaking off relations with Moscow.

Socialism: Retrospect and Prospect

By Sir Patrick Fagan, K.C.I.E., C.S.I.

THE advent to power of the first Labour Government, followed by the Labour Party's assumption of the rôle of His Majesty's Opposition, suggests an attempt to estimate the nature and the bearings of that indeterminate and somewhat protean group of social and economic theories, or, perhaps more correctly, tendencies, which cluster around the vague term Socialism. It is, in one aspect, a system of thought, issuing in a drastic criticism of the past and present economic organization of human society, combined with a forecast of its future; in another it is a scheme of practical remedial proposals, or rather a group of such schemes all varying in their degrees of definiteness, but all agreeing in the common fundamental thesis that under modern conditions of large-scale production the manual worker, exhibited as a property-less, wage-earning proletarian, is excluded from the ownership of capital and land as well as from any positive control of the industrial system in which he is an indispensable factor. The worker, it is recognized, has secured political freedom; but only, it is alleged, to find that such liberty of itself is useless for the purposes of the fuller life so long as the economic domination of the capitalist persists. The broad objective which ostensibly unites Socialists of all types is a better distribution and, as an inseparable aspect thereof, a better system of producing wealth than that which prevails at present. Within these wide limits there exist large diversities of view as to the means suitable for attaining the objects sought and in the attitude toward existing institutions.

Passing over the preliminary stage of Utopian and philanthropic idealism through which modern Socialism

went during the early part of the nineteenth century in the hands of Owen in England and of St. Simon and Fourier in France, it is with Karl Marx, the German Jew (1818-1883), that we reach the source of all the more modern developments and species of Socialism, using that ambiguous term in its widest sense. The keynote of the Marxian system was "scientific" and confessedly materialistic, in very definite antithesis to the Utopian and idealistic imaginings which had preceded it. Its fundamental theses were: (1) a conception of human society as a product of evolution; (2) a theory of economic or exchange value; (3) a materialistic interpretation of history, issuing in an economic determinism which is held to operate mainly by means of a continuous class-struggle between the labourer and the capitalist. The second of the above three theses forms the main-spring of the Marxian system. Marx insisted that value is entirely dependent on as well as measured by labour, or effort, chiefly, it would seem, manual labour, embodied, "crystallized," or "congealed" in the object of value. This theory was coupled with the contention that the wage of the exploited proletariat worker comprises but a fraction, barely sufficient for his subsistence, of the value of his product; the "surplus value" which remains being appropriated by the exploiting capitalist who employs him. For this theory the authority of the English economist, Ricardo, has been claimed; but the claim is, in fact, based on a misunderstanding of Ricardo's real position, for he did not overlook the co-operation of capital and land, not to mention utility as expressed in the volume of demand, as factors in economic value. Among the more enlightened of modern Socialists there is a tendency to abandon the Marxian theory of value—a course scarcely consistent with its position as the keystone of the doctrine that the labourer is systematically robbed and exploited by the capitalist, whose growing capital represents the accumulated results of plunder.

It is, however, Marx's materialistic interpretation of history, or "economic determinism," which has played the largest part in Socialistic agitation, and has been a link not perhaps of union, but at any rate of connection between the varied types of political and economic movement which are commonly, though not perhaps with strict accuracy,

comprehended under the inclusive name of Socialism. Briefly, the theory is that economic elements, economic categories, are the sole and sufficient sources and determinants of human progress. For Marx, as for all Socialists, capitalism signifies not the utilization of capital, which all admit to be a necessity of the productive process, but the ownership of capital, and land, by the capitalist classes to the exclusion of the proletarian labourer. Marx professes to trace the growth of such capitalism through history, and more especially since the Middle Ages, as the result of a continued appropriation of "surplus value" by the capitalist employer, the process being accompanied throughout by a class struggle of increasing bitterness between capital and labour. Its predestined and inevitable result is to be the self-destruction of capitalism through its own hypertrophy, after which the proletariat will assume political and economic domination; and as no more classes will then remain to be freed, human liberty, political as well as economic, will be complete. To the modern State, as such, Marx, unlike many modern Socialists, attached no value as an agency of economic reform. With the collapse of capitalism it would, he anticipated, disappear, its place being taken temporarily by a proletarian dictatorship, apparently much as in Soviet Russia to-day. In the final and permanent stage, the private capitalist and landowner having been expropriated, a proletarian society would appropriate the means of production and collectively manage them in its own interest. Marx, admittedly weak on the constructive side, had little, if indeed anything, to say regarding the form of Government, administrative, executive, and judicial, in the final stage; but he apparently anticipated that need for it would no longer exist, since the only subject for control left would be the industrial process, and that would be in the hands of industrial groups of workers mutually associated on a cosmopolitan and international, rather than on a national basis.

Such, then, was the Marxian conception of economics and economic tendencies. It obviously affords ample scope for drastic criticism, which it has received even, indeed, at the hands of enlightened Socialists themselves. His theory of value is utterly untenable, while his forecasts have

been belied by events, the War notwithstanding. But in spite of all he remains the Prophet, and his book, *Das Kapital*, the Bible of Socialism.

Among the existing species of Socialism, the fullest current expression of the Marxian theory is afforded by Communism, with its insistence on the continuance of the class struggle and its scorn of political democracy and the democratic State as a sham and a delusion, in which all real power is enjoyed by the capitalist to the exclusion of the proletariat. It goes beyond the precepts of Marx in definitely working for the violent and revolutionary subversion of the State. Private property having been abolished is to be replaced by some undefined system of communal enjoyment of goods and services, which is to be proportioned by some unspecified method to needs as well as to merits. In lieu of the State there is to be, after an interval of proletarian dictatorship, anarchy; not, it appears, anarchy in the sense of social chaos, but as a system of absolute individual liberty, which is somehow to be immune from degeneration into licence. Such is the crazy and incoherent Communistic ideal, the concrete realization of which can be seen in Soviet Russia to-day.

Syndicalism and Guild Socialism have features in common. Both seek to replace the existing organism of the State by some form of federation of industrial groups of workers who will own and control collectively all the means of production, and presumably regulate all industrial relations. How the numberless other relations of the community, internal and external, are to be treated is a problem left in hazy confusion. Syndicalism—a development of the French Syndicat, or trade union—relies on economic coercion for the paralysis and ultimate destruction of capitalism, its chief weapon being "direct"—as opposed to constitutional—action, in the form of the "general strike" combined with the practice of "sabotage." Present destruction rather than future organization is the chief concern of Syndicalism. Guild Socialism, on the other hand, does not advocate revolutionary violence, but trusts rather to vigorous propaganda, especially among trade unions and cognate bodies. Both systems reject the State, in any of its existing forms, as an inefficient instrument of economic regeneration.

State Socialism, or Collectivism, to use a more distinctive term, is very definitely separated from other schemes, and from the general tendency of the Marxian theories, in its acceptance of the State, completely democratized and adequately decentralized by an ample measure of local and vocational self-government, as an efficient instrument for the realization of its ideals. It aims at a larger degree of economic co-operation in society in place of economic competition, while it holds that private property, being essential to the full development of the individual, should be allowed for personal use and enjoyment, though not for the exercise of economic power and control, which it regards as abuses. Thus, while maintaining private property, it would transfer the ownership of the means of production to the State, which would operate them and presumably market the products, though by methods and agencies which have not yet been at all clearly specified by the exponents of the system. Collectivism seeks to secure its objects by constitutional means, trusting largely to propaganda, education, and a gradually evolutionary process, while abjuring violence and revolution. Broadly, it aims at securing a more equal distribution of wealth throughout the community by the restriction of economic liberty and freedom of enterprise as at present enjoyed, and by the displacement of competition by co-operation. The State is to take an active and initiative part in production generally, and is not to confine itself, as now, to the exercise of more or less ill-defined regulative functions, combined with direct production in a strictly limited sphere.

Such, then, in summary review, are the various schemes by which it is proposed to replace the present economic system. The three dominating features of that system are freedom of enterprise, or individual economic liberty, as the adequate provider of utilities; private property as the incentive and reward of private enterprise; and competition as an efficient regulating factor, preventing the exploitation of the consumer on the one hand and of the producer on the other. The fundamental, though latent, assumptions of such a competitive system are that the producer and the consumer will pursue their own respective interests rationally and with enlightenment; that those only who are best

fitted or most willing to be socially useful will survive the stress of competition; that the acquisition of private property will not be possible otherwise than as a recompense for service; and that the course and direction of production will be sufficiently guided, in the best interests of the community as a whole, by the comparative exchange value of the commodities produced and of the services rendered. It is scarcely necessary to insist at any length that these assumptions fall short of actual realization, or to contend that the maximum of social satisfaction is not compatible with the absolute freedom of private enterprise from State interference. The whole apparatus of enactments dealing with adulteration, Employers' Liability, Workmen's Protection, and such like, explicitly impugns the validity of the first assumption. Competition among producers tends to be obliterated by the growth of huge trusts and similar combinations wielding monopolistic power, which can be, and often, though not always, is used for the exploitation of the consumer. Private property and its acquisition, as these exist to-day, are in very many cases emphatically not the necessary recompense for positive service, or for more or less painful abstention from the immediate enjoyment of wealth; while economic friction encourages ample payments to and accumulation by those whose " strength is to sit still." Finally, the production of luxuries for the rich renders, broadly speaking, more difficult and therefore more costly, the production of necessaries for those to whom an extra weekly shilling has a large significance of utility; so that, if market value is to be an efficient regulator of the varied classes of commodities produced, it is essential that the consumption of individuals should be guided and restrained by some degree of altruistic consideration for the primary needs of others. How far does such a consideration operate in actual practice?

Must we, then, regard our existing economic system as so riddled with inconsistency, its fundamental assumptions so contrary to existing facts, that it should be abandoned in favour of one or other of those which have been propounded? Or is there some better and more effective middle course? Communism, Syndicalism, and Guild Socialism are, neglecting other very obvious and serious objections, decisively ruled out by their

impenetrable obscurity regarding the future form of polity, if, indeed, as seems doubtful, there is to be any polity at all. Every human being is the subject of relations and interests which transcend the sphere of mere economic occupation, or industry, and for the due regulation of these the existence of the political State in some form is indispensable. As for the Collectivist State, its advocates, while strenuously denying that it will involve the death of individual liberty and initiative, which its opponents regard as its most sinister feature, urge that the disappearance of capitalistic production will ensure a fuller life and truer freedom for the individual. This contention, however, is really based on the implicit, but generally unrecognized, Socialistic assumption that the introduction of the Collectivist regime will cause an immediate and substantial elevation of individual morality and taste and a deepened sense of communal responsibility. The Socialist when propounding Collectivism postulates the presence of all the virtues which the successful functioning of that system demands, while when criticising existing institutions he tacitly assumes their absence. But obviously he cannot have matters both ways at once. The fact, of course, is that human nature, as *it is at present*, will inevitably resent the high degree of compulsion and of restriction on individual taste and initiative which Collectivism necessarily involves; while the State, responsible for the entire volume of production required by the community and beset by the risks therein involved, must, in addition, face the immensely hazardous and intricate business of anticipating and meeting changes in the nature and extent of demand: unless, indeed, the individual consumer is to be restricted to a "simple life" sustained by a comparatively few standard commodities and services; but of this there is no suggestion in the authorized Collectivist programme. Then, again, the State, as universal producer, must also control distribution, for, assigning productive tasks, it must also assign the corresponding recompenses. How is this to be done? Evidently not by free contract, but by the State's own authority; and so, it would seem, trade and exchange forthwith disappear. How under such circumstances capital is to be accumulated for the maintenance, the extension, and the improvement of production, is very

far from clear. Collectivism as a system for wholesale practical adoption is, in short, impossible, human nature in its present phase being such as it is, though the Collectivists' criticisms of the present system suggest directions in which improvement is possible and desirable.

Where, then, if anywhere, is a possible synthesis to be found? Not in that sudden, catastrophic perfection of humanity which is covertly postulated by the Socialist, but in the progressive elevation of current ethical standards together with the gradual and parallel amelioration of the existing economic and industrial system which such an elevation must necessarily involve. *Hoc opus, hic labor est.* The cynic, Socialist or other, will doubtless be disposed to scoff at this sententious, idealistic conclusion; but it is, nevertheless, supported by a consideration of the extent to which the process invoked has already been at work in the extensive social improvements which have been secured under the capitalistic system during the last century, improvements to which the advocates of Socialism are only too ready to shut their eyes in their criticisms of that system, while eager to attribute to it evils which can more justly be ascribed to defects of character and taste in existent humanity generally, including, not least, the manual worker himself. Doubtless in the first exhilaration of industrial freedom, competition assumed forms of brutal and debased selfishness, and not a little of the same spirit, though in more refined guise, still lingers among us; but, nevertheless, a long course of remedial and ameliorative legislation, the product of a rising ethical standard, has placed the manual worker in a far better economic position than he occupied a century ago, while, in spite of a very large increase in population, the real wages of labour have risen very substantially. In normal times the worker has command of facilities, and, indeed, of comforts of which his grandfather never dreamt. He has in no sense been excluded entirely from the benefits yielded by the marvellous inventions which have been the fruit of the alert, individual energy induced and encouraged by capitalism, and by the free enterprise which is its foundation. And when we speak of capitalism, it should be remembered that it is by no means the case that the great financial magnate is the only owner of capital in the community; a

large portion of that capital represents sums, comparatively small though they may be individually, saved by thousands of small investors, including manual workers themselves. The alleged progressive economic degradation of labour is, in short, contradicted by facts, while Socialism's sweeping condemnation of capitalism is by no means justified in its accusations.

Reformation, in some respects it may be transformation, of the existing system of production and distribution, having the harmonized good of the community as a whole in view, and effected to some extent, indeed, by a larger measure of State action, but far more as a result of a profounder ethical valuation of the facts of social life and of a more truly Christian ethical standard, is the one really practical, fruitful effective path of advance. The fundamental necessity is the progressively increasing socialization of the individual; the growth of a perception, as yet, perhaps, only nascent, that the good of the individual, *qua* individual, is essentially and inextricably interwoven with the good of society as a whole; that, as the capitalist has begun to understand in his own limited sphere, the process of competition, serving, primarily, individual interests, must be limited and restricted by recognition of wider social or common interests, which can be satisfied by enlightened co-operation only, and on which the very existence, much more the satisfaction, of individual interests depends.

So far as the Socialist sees in the existing facilities for excessive acquisition offered by freedom of inheritance and succession a principal cause of the existing maldistribution of wealth, he is on firmer ground. Within fair and reasonable limits the principle of inheritance is an obvious and inevitable social necessity, but that there are such limits which, under present conditions, are in many cases exceeded is gradually pressing itself on the attention of the community, as is shown by the modern death duties. The clearer definition of such limits, with their reasonable restriction by taxation or otherwise in the interests of the community as a whole, undoubtedly are important social questions which will demand treatment. Again, the inevitable increase in the complexity of the productive and distributive systems, as a result of a

growing specialization of processes on the one hand, and of a growing consolidation of business interests on the other, in the form of trusts, combines, and such like, is rendering necessary an expansion of the sphere of State regulation, as opposed to direct management and operation, with a view to the protection of the consumer and the manual worker from threatened predatory exploitation at the hands of business corporations. The regulation, apart from the management, of monopolies in production, formed by voluntary agreement among producers, is, in fact, one of the pressing problems which await the statesmanship of the near future. Besides the two directions which have been mentioned, there are many others, such as public health, wages, unemployment, insurance, in which the active intervention of the State is admittedly required. But the one fundamental hope for economic civilization, the sole means for its ultimate preservation, is a continued ethical progress, which may, indeed, be suggested and induced by wise and well-considered State action, but of which the strength and the permanence depend on the moral regeneration of society. To this all other measures are subordinate and instrumental. Without it Socialism, even in its saner aspects, is condemned to sterility, while Capitalism itself must fail to function; with it the ultimate aims of both will tend to be secured in unison. In truth, to parody the words of the Apostle, "Neither Socialism availeth anything, nor Capitalism, but a new creature."

Britain's Declining Trade

What are the Real Causes?

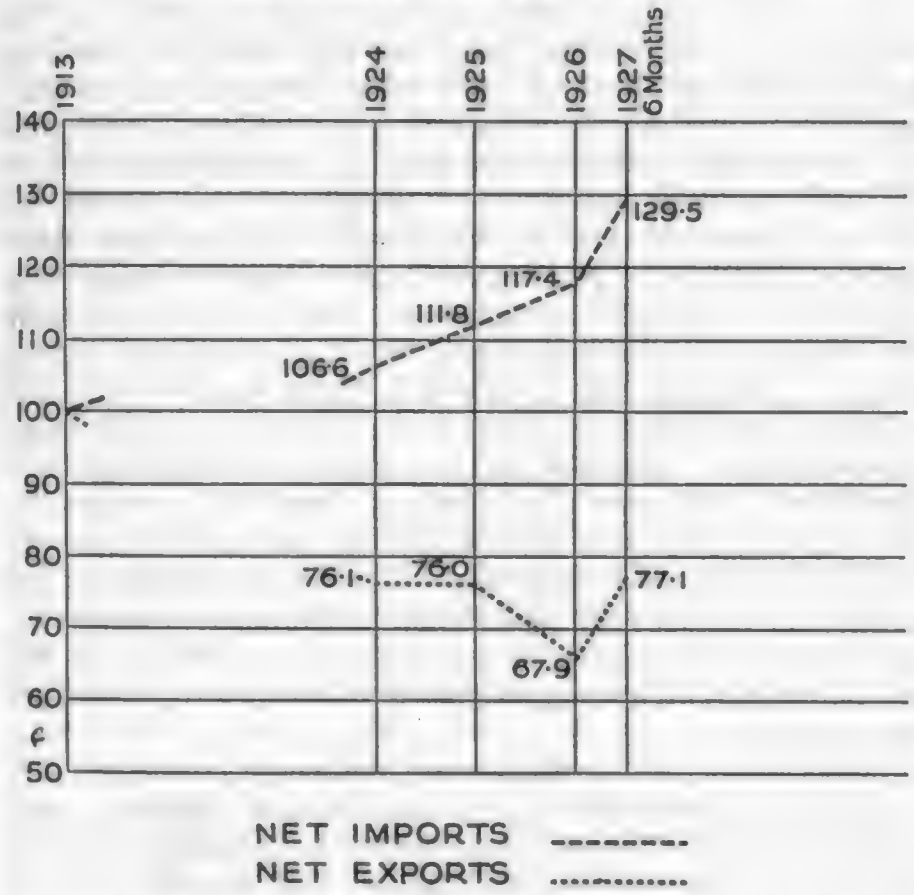
By G. H. Lepper

With all the will in the world to be optimistic about the future of British trade, Sir Philip Cunliffe Lister presented a depressing picture to the House of Commons a few days before the session ended. The colouring becomes even more sombre on closer examination of the figures given by him and by Mr. Alexander, who supplemented them with others relating to the decline in exports of British textiles—cotton and wool—amounting to £36,500,000 as between the first half of this year and the corresponding period of 1925. This was partly, no doubt, due to lower prices, but, even so, is a sufficiently serious indication of something radically amiss with two of our basic industries.

It is, however, the growing "spread" between the values of visible exports and imports which compels attention. The annual predictions of better times which have been made by men who are regarded as authorities ever since the slump of 1920–21 are now seen to have had no more solid basis than optimism, and they have undoubtedly done harm by obscuring the necessity for a complete overhauling of ideas and methods. Obviously, we cannot continue much longer on the present road without encountering disaster. To avoid it we shall have to exert ourselves quite as strenuously as we did during the war, the full effects of which on our national economy we are only just beginning to realize. When depicted in diagrammatic form the diverging curves of imports and exports are much more impressive than the figures quoted by the President of the Board of Trade when comparing the adjusted proportions of recent years with those for 1913. The steady rise of imports became even steeper in the first half of this year. Exports, although they have regained the level attained in 1924 and 1925

for this half year, may stand rather below that level at the end of 1927, since the effect of the accumulation of orders due to last year's coal strike will have spent its force, and it is well known that the volume of new business in most industries is disappointing. An adverse trade balance for the current year, when all invisible factors have been taken into account, is therefore almost

ADJUSTED PROPORTIONS OF IMPORTS AND EXPORTS IN RECENT YEARS COMPARED WITH 1913 = 100.



inevitable unless, as some suspect, the Board of Trade figures for imports and exports are considerably wide of the real values. A large proportion of British exports is dutiable on arrival at its destination, and this fact may influence the declared values to some extent. Whether this is so or not it is difficult to account for the relative steadiness of the exchange without admitting either that

the trade returns do not give an entirely accurate picture of the relative values of our imports and exports or that the estimate of invisible exports is below the true figure.

It is impossible to point to any one single cause of the drop in British exports or, indeed, to apportion the responsibility between a number of such causes with any degree of accuracy. The war itself, although a major factor, was by no means the only important influence operating in this direction. It is true that, apart from the direct injury which it inflicted on the industry and trade of the world, it gave an immense stimulus to the industrialization of competing countries, but this stimulus merely accentuated tendencies which were already beginning to show themselves before 1914. Our competitors were even then slowly overhauling us, the long start which we had obtained having been offset to some extent by the equipment of their factories with more modern plant and by a system of protective tariffs. The devotion of a large proportion of the national revenue to foot the bill for extensive social legislation was also initiated before the war, though the policy has been vastly extended since the armistice, in spite of the enormous drain upon the exchequer imposed by the interest charges on our war debts. It cannot be doubted that the £200,000,000 or so which we are now spending annually on social relief schemes, apart from the heavy burden of local poor rates, has added very materially to the cost of manufacture in this country and so reduced our ability to sell our goods abroad in competition with less heavily weighted competitors.

Decreased purchasing power in foreign countries, due partly to depreciation of currencies and partly to low world prices for primary products, is certainly another factor which cannot be disregarded, but its effect should not be overestimated, as it is the fashion to do in some quarters. It has not prevented the United States and Japan from increasing their share of the world's trade, while our own proportion has been declining, a remark which also applies to the growth of tariff walls all over the world.

Captain Waterhouse, in the course of the debate, put his finger on yet another adverse influence. He said

that he was not sure that our departments did not still think too much of commerce and too little of industry. The banks also were rather apt to support commerce to the detriment of manufactures, and he suggested that a word from the President of the Board of Trade in that direction might be of real service. The view is widely held that our banking and financial policy since the war has been too little concerned with assisting the restoration of our export trade and excessively solicitous of the interests of investors and importers. That there is some justification for this belief is not unlikely, and an independent review of policy seems desirable.

Mr. Sidney Webb attributed the fall in the trade balance largely to the diminution of our oversea loans, a point of view shared by Mr. Alexander, who said that a disturbing feature of the period under review was the number of loans for public works to be undertaken by municipal and other authorities which had been increasingly floated on the American market, with the certain indication that orders for material for those works had gone to the country where the loans had been floated. That there is a close connection between the reduced lendings to oversea borrowers and the decline in British exports seems certain, but it is necessary to go back to first causes and seek the reason for the check to foreign borrowing in the London market. That reason must without doubt be sought in the reduction of the amount of capital available for such investment brought about by high national and local taxation, heavy internal borrowing for public undertakings, and increased luxury expenditure, all of which have reduced savings and consequently depleted the store of capital for investment. The gross figures of the national budget have quadrupled since 1914, and, even allowing for the altered value of money, it is still about two and a-half times as large. The effect is not confined to the direct drain on the taxpayer, for it induces a disinclination to save lest the store should be raided by the exchequer at some future date. With a large section of the population imbued with the "eat, drink, and be merry, for tomorrow we die" spirit, the accumulation of savings, which is essential if we are to be able to lend large sums abroad as we did in the more

stable days before the war, is an impossibility. Before thrift regains its former position in the minds of the people they must be convinced that a rigid policy of national and local government economy will be practised and that the Labour Party has abandoned its worship of crazy economic doctrines. That it has not yet done so is shown by the recently ventilated proposal for a new supertax of 2s. in the pound on unearned incomes of over £500 per annum, which would still further reduce our reserves of capital. They must also learn to resist the temptation to luxury expenditure, and the tendency to expand the instalment system in this country to the dangerous extent to which it is practised in America must be checked. The instalment system is, perhaps, a necessity under present conditions in the case of house purchase, and it has the merit of discouraging strikes. On the other hand, the possible evils in the shape of restricting freedom of movement and causing a flood of second-hand goods to be let loose in the event of a period of severe depression, thus accentuating the trouble and causing widespread misery and hardship, are so serious that this country cannot afford to run the risks involved.

If, then, it is to our decreased lending power that a large share of the reduction in our exports is due, the remedy is in our hands. National and local expenditure must be rigorously curtailed, even at the expense of some of the social services that we have set up but can no longer afford; private thrift must be inculcated by the example of the State and by the restoration of a sense of security. To effect the latter the co-operation of the Labour Party is necessary, and since Mr. Alexander and Mr. Webb are agreed that it is desirable to augment our power to lend money to oversea borrowers in order to restore our exports we are entitled to look to them to spread the light amongst their colleagues.

It is unpleasant to dwell on the alternative. Continuance of the present divergence between imports and exports must lead at no very distant date to national bankruptcy. The exchanges will move against us, our food will cost more, and wage-earners, taught to believe themselves entitled to a certain standard of living, will

demand more pay. Either they will receive it and so add to the cost of production, thereby hampering our export trade still further, or they will bring about disastrous stoppages which will imperil the stability of the State. It is a time for plain speaking on the part of statesmen and not for the expression of pious hopes. A more courageous policy in regard to the safeguarding of industries, with a view to checking imports of foreign manufactured goods, is required, and the time has come for the Government to consider seriously whether they would not be better advised to go to the country at the next general election with a bold programme for the protection of agriculture and industry, in spite of past defeats, rather than seek an extension of office on a policy of drift. For, unless they are able to return in 1929 with a mandate to take the strong action that the situation calls for, they would do better to go down fighting for the economic policy to which the majority of their followers subscribe, and leave their opponents to incur the odium that will fall upon any administration which may be in office in the succeeding five years without the power or inclination to act decisively on the lines indicated by the national need. By that time, if the present trend continues unchecked, the position will be desperate and the country will turn and rend the leaders who have allowed it to drift into such a plight.

Women at Oxford

By Dr. Joseph Wells

(Warden of Wadham College, Oxford, 1913–27)

THE recent struggle at Oxford for a statutory limitation of the number of women students attracted considerable attention in the London Press, and Oxford affairs were, as usual, much misrepresented, except by the *Times*. The question at issue did not affect the position or the privileges of any woman student, past, present, or future, and it did not even affect the present number of women in Oxford; the aim of the proposed legislation was only to make it clear that the decision whether Oxford might be, or might refuse to be, completely a "mixed university," lay with the University itself, and not with the present women's societies.

It is not intended here to say anything further on the merits of the late dispute, all the more as the opponents of the proposed limitation have accepted the decision of the University, and have officially stated that they will not fight the new statute at later stages. The University may be congratulated on this courteous acceptance of its definitely-expressed wish, and also on the fact that the recent controversy was fought out on both sides with a complete absence of heat or of personalities.

It seems, however, that it may not be an inopportune moment to endeavour to summarize the general results of Women's Education in Oxford, which two years hence will be celebrating its jubilee.

My only claim to do this is that on the one hand I have been connected closely with the work, not only by strong personal ties, but also by being for more than thirty years on the council of one of the two oldest women's societies, and its chairman for more than ten, and that on the other hand the recent movement for "limitation" took its formal origin from, if it were not actually prompted by, the reference made to the subject in my outgoing speech as Vice-Chancellor in October 1926.

In writing, I shall as far as possible avoid the mention of societies and individuals by name, and shall confine myself to general points.

And first as to the number of women undergraduates in Oxford. This was, in the academic year just ended, 742; of this number rather more than 500 live in the four

residential colleges, the others are "home-students," i.e. they correspond to the "non-collegiate" men. Since 1918, when the question of their admission to full membership of the University was definitely raised, there had been an increase of about 350; but two-thirds of this had been made in the two years after the war, and since 1924 the numbers had been practically stationary.

The increase had been rendered necessary on financial grounds. The friends of women's education at Oxford have been enthusiastic and generous, but so far they have not been of the wealthy class which makes material progress so fatally easy for American education. Hence the buildings and the staffs have had to be provided mainly out of the payments of students; the Government grant of £4,000 a year—£1,000 for each of the four colleges—and the Cassel grant have been the chief exceptions to this. Hence, the present policy of the governing bodies is the more to be commended; in spite of the heavy pressure for admission (there are at least three women candidates for every vacancy), they have deliberately fixed their numbers at the present figures.

How far the increase in numbers has gone along with a corresponding increase in work is a question that it is hard to answer. Certainly the percentage of "first classes" has fallen very much. In the years 1893–97, the first five years after all the Final Examinations were opened to women, the women on the University books increased steadily from 168 to about 200, and thirteen "first classes" were obtained. In the five years before the war, when the number of students had increased from 348 in 1910 to about 400, the number of "first classes" was 35; this, at first sight, would seem to show a great improvement, but of the thirty-five, fourteen were in Modern Languages, a "Final School" established after 1897, in which, to begin with, the standard was generally thought to be low. Last summer (1927) only eleven "first classes" were obtained, though the number of students and of candidates had doubled since 1914. The falling-off in the proportion is very marked.

Statistics are always liable to be misleading; but these seem to show that already, twenty years ago, the University had admitted most of the women who were first-class examinees, and that the great increase

of recent times is from those of less intellectual calibre, i.e. so far as the examination system is a test of brains. This conclusion seems to agree with a conclusion formed by some university teachers in the years after the war, viz. that it was a mistake to suppose there were great numbers of candidates of first-class ability, whom circumstances only had prevented from coming to the old universities. Nearly 2,000 war candidates were enabled to come to the University by Government grants, who normally would never otherwise have come to it, but very few of these were placed in the first class for any subject. This comparison is perhaps irrelevant, but I cannot resist the opportunity of putting on record my own disappointment that facts did not seem to show there were multitudes of "mute inglorious" scholars, whom "chill penury" only prevented from showing their ability.

But the figures of the examinations of this year certainly do not at all bear out the contention of the special correspondent of the *Morning Post* (August 24), that the recent Oxford examinations showed women to be much inferior to men; by some curious mischance he made the men's "first classes" "twelve times" as numerous as the women's; as a matter of fact, they were about seven times as numerous, and the number of men is about (not quite) five times greater than the number of women, not "four times" as he calculated.

It may be worth while to note two other facts about the recent examinations, viz. that the percentage of fourth classes among the women was just under 7 per cent., among the men just over 10 per cent (curiously, among the men the number of "firsts" and of "fourths" was exactly the same, eighty-two) and that, of the women candidates, about four-fifths were offering the three subjects of Modern Languages (41), Modern History (63), and English Language and Literature (68).

But examinations are only partial tests of intellectual performance. The supporters of Women's Education at Oxford may well congratulate themselves on the facts that women have in the last three years won the Arnold Essay, the Winter Williams Law Scholarship, and the Newdigate Prize Poem, not to mention other successes in open competitions, and that at least one of the University studentships for Research (founded during the last

two years out of the Government grant) has been awarded to a woman scientist. And of the forty lectureships for the encouragement of Research among college teachers (also founded this year out of the Government grant), three have been given to women—two for Modern History, one for English. The "Transactions," too, of bodies like the Royal Historical Society and the English Association usually contain contributions from Oxford women teachers and students.

I have been told on good authority that one of the reasons why Cambridge refuses to admit women to full privileges, as Oxford has done, is that it is considered that women have, during the fifty years that they have been allowed to study at Cambridge, made no real contributions to the advancement of knowledge. It is not for an Oxford man to question this opinion, however surprising it may seem, but it certainly could not be held of his own university.

Before leaving the official side of academic life, attention may be drawn to the fact that the head of one of the women's societies has been elected on the Hebdomadal Council; the world in general may need to be reminded that this is the governing body of the University, and that it consists of four official and eighteen elected members.

But, after all, whether we like it or not, the fact must be recognized that Oxford is much more than a learned institution, and that to many, perhaps to the majority, of English people, it is chiefly interesting as a training place for the young, and as a social centre. What is to be said about the careers at which Oxford women are aiming, and how are they, outside the strict lines of academic teaching and examination, being prepared for life?

It is sometimes argued that university education interferes with the most important occupation of women —marriage. It certainly is the fact that a larger proportion of university women are unmarried than among the rest of their sex, but whether this is the effect of their education or its cause, or something of both, it is impossible to decide. The only fact that I wish to bring forward is that of the last published list of "associates" (i.e. roughly speaking, those who have completed the full course) of one of the four Oxford colleges, only 25

per cent. are married. But this figure would be decidedly misleading; a considerable proportion of those on the list have only completed their course in the last two or three years, and are therefore, most of them, not more than twenty-six years of age at the most. Many of these will probably marry later.

Turning to more definite professions, it is interesting to note that of forty-three appointments reported from the same college for the year 1924–25, twenty-seven were for school-teaching (including three for training colleges and four outside Europe); of these four were head mistresses; of the rest, five were for university posts, three for "social" work, two for medicine, and five for other kinds of work, e.g. secretarial. These figures would vary from year to year, but seem to be fairly typical. It will be noticed that educational work still preponderates, but that it is more varied than it used to be, and that the proportion of important posts in it is good. It certainly is not always popular among the women students, and with many it is probably accepted because there is no alternative; but this is much less the rule than formerly, and the importance of university-trained women in the secondary education of girls cannot be overestimated. It may be added that a larger proportion among Oxford women teachers take a definite course of educational training after their degree-getting, than is the rule among men; this year the Oxford diploma, given by the Teachers' Training Delegacy, was obtained by 35 women and 26 men of Oxford training. It should be noticed that the number of men candidates for this examination is steadily increasing and that the standard is really high.

It remains to speak of university life in general as it affects and is affected by the women students. Here it may be said at once that the English habit of self-depreciation is especially characteristic of Oxford, and not least so at the present time. I have been recently told, by people who profess to know, that now careful and respectable parents will not send their daughters to Oxford because the standard there is so lax, and because there they would become Bolshevist in politics and would gravely suffer in manners and in morals. It is true that some of the women students are prominent members of Labour Clubs, and that Conservative organizers consider

that their "safe" university seats will be seriously endangered if the "flappers' vote" be granted;* but the facts remain that the pressure for admission at Oxford is—as has been said—greater than ever; and though the conservative "undergraduette" (if that horrid word may be used) is less assertive than her more highly-coloured (in views) sisters, she is much more numerous than is generally supposed and much more effective.

I venture to assert confidently that Oxford, in spite of her pessimistic sons, really remains in essentials much the same as ever.

But outward appearances certainly have changed. Perhaps the most striking difference that an M.A. of twenty-five years' standing would notice, on returning to the Oxford streets, is the absence of any hats for the young men and the presence of academic gowns for the young women. Fortunately most of these latter still observe St. Paul's rule that a woman should have "her head covered," and the caps which the proctors of the admission-year devised, rejecting the hideous but much-coveted "mortar-board," are worn by the students as a rule, and generally in a way that makes them attractive.

It is interesting, too, to notice that the Oxford commoner's gown, which with men is generally an untidy rag, is made by women's tact and taste a quite becoming addition to the toilet. But these trifles may be thought frivolous, though Oxford has never held it beneath her dignity as a university to have "vestiarian" statutes.

Another outward change, and one of much more importance, is seen in the way in which, since the war, men and women students forgather; this may be observed on any morning in term when a lecture-hour is over. Before the war, though the time was already well past when a famous lecturer used to have his women-auditors behind him at the High Table, while the men were in front of him in the body of his College Hall, yet men and women still left the lecture room in separate streams; now the two streams intermix, and individuals of different sexes, as is natural, go off together.

And this has led to another social change, which is

* It must be remembered that, by the curious arrangement called "proportional representation," any candidate for a two-member constituency who obtains one-third of the votes given, plus at least one, is *ipso facto* elected, so that the odds are heavily weighted against a second Conservative member for Oxford.

certainly unfortunate. "Morning coffee" was unknown in pre-war Oxford; though the old-fashioned honour for breakfast had gone, except for "training" purposes, men had too much respect for their regular meals to fool away time and money in a confectioner's shop at 11 a.m.; what the women before the war did at that hour I do not pretend to know. Certainly the advertisement of the "morning coffee" was then unknown, which now is prominent in all the main streets of Oxford; and certainly, too, the number of confectioners and of tea-shops has increased out of all proportion since the war. The women students must be held responsible for this change, and too many men are naturally only too pleased to follow their example, either with them or in their own less interesting company. It is not for a moment suggested, however, that this is a universal rule; on the contrary, it is much the exception, but still it is a frequent one.

Some five years ago the Vice-Chancellor and Proctors asked the colleges if they would support a new regulation, putting confectioners' shops out of bounds before the end of the morning, as "bars" have always been at all hours of the day. Unfortunately the new rule was never promulgated, it was always understood because, in true Oxford fashion, a minority of the colleges objected to this interference with college discipline and with the liberty of their undergraduates.

Another frequent and increasing form of meeting between men and women is the inter-collegiate debate, which is now a very popular form of intellectual intercourse. Women students, however, have not yet been admitted to membership of the Oxford Union Society or to the "floor of that eminent House"; but in at least one debate, a senior woman member of the University has been asked to speak "on the paper." The Union prides itself so much on following the precedents of the House of Commons that we must expect soon to have a "reforming" set of officers proposing that women undergraduates as well as their teachers be allowed to take part in the Society's debates.

More personal intercourse, however, between men and women results from the mixed clubs than from the inter-collegiate debates. The Labour Club on one side of life, and the Student Christian Movement on another, different as they are, are alike in bringing men and women together.

I add that the authorities of the women's colleges and the University themselves seem to encourage this freedom of intercourse. For many years the governing bodies of the women's colleges refused permission for "mixed dances"; now every one of them has two such dances a term, to which their students may invite undergraduate friends. And the University, not to be outdone in the policy of freedom, has definitely sanctioned a University Dance Club, where the men and the women students can meet and dance, under the supervision of senior members of the University. It is not suggested for one moment that this greater freedom of intercourse is in the least improper; but it must be admitted that it leads to its natural results; undergraduate "engagements," though relatively very few, are decidedly more numerous than they used to be, and this is exactly what might have been expected.

Of course, all this removal of old restrictions is not peculiar to Oxford; it is characteristic of post-war England generally.

And the process of development goes on. Only during the last year the University authorities have conceded a permission which had been consistently refused for forty years—women students have been allowed to take part in the public performances of the University Dramatic Society. It has been cynically said that this has been allowed because the professionals, who formerly took the women's part in the plays, were much too good for the amateur undergraduates who played up to them. But this statement seems to be a sacrifice of truth to would-be epigram; it is hard to remember merit on the part of the visiting actresses so surprising that any one, however amateur, need have feared being outclassed.

There is fortunately one sphere of university life where so far the woman student has not penetrated. She has her own organized athletics and the men have theirs, and they have been kept apart. The women students have been content to watch the men play, and certainly they have not been slow to avail themselves of the privilege, and their knowledge of the "blues" and their performances is extensive and up-to-date. But as a rule the women have had the good sense not to advertise their own contests. The attempt last year to introduce a boat-race between a crew of Oxford women students

and a crew from Cambridge met with very little favour; the Oxford crew drew no members at all from three of the four women's colleges, and the promoters of the race tried in the end to avoid the publicity they should never have courted. The whole thing was a fiasco, and only served to show that there are still some things that men can do, which women fail in completely.

The changes that have been sketched above, and the points of contact between men and women that they involve, are sufficiently obvious. But, as has been implied, they have not so far materially affected the bulk of the University, and it is to be hoped and believed that they will not. The object of the foundation of the two old universities was not to promote social intercourse between the sexes, and the buildings with which Oxford life is connected by unbreakable ties, reaching back through the centuries, refuse to lend themselves to Co-education in the American sense. They were built by men for men, and for men only are they suitable. This point may well be illustrated by what happened during the war. One of the women's colleges was "commandeered" for a hospital, and its students had to turn out, and willingly did so. They found a home in the part of Oriel College on the High Street which, having been quite recently a separate institution, could easily be isolated from the rest of Oriel, where the very scanty remnant of undergraduates lived in the oldest quad. It is said that the women, when they took possession, triumphed in their occupation of a real "college"; the phrase my informant used was that "they were much bucked"; what is certain is that they very soon found that the men's quarters were most uncomfortable and most unsuitable for their own purposes.

"Which things are a parable"—none the less appropriate for being a fact. Oxford on the strictly educational side can receive and educate the ablest women, and has accepted the duty, or—if it be preferred to call it so—the privilege. But Oxford is much more than a strictly "educational" body, and it is more than doubtful if women can ever share the full life, which centuries of students have gradually elaborated for men and for the development of English manhood.

The Birthday

By Jane H. Findlater

It was Wednesday afternoon—visitors' day in the "Union," and Grannie Susan Gidley was the heroine of the occasion. This was the year 1916, and just 100 years ago in the heavy year 1816, Susan Gidley had entered the world where she was to make so long a stay.

The cottage in which she was born may be seen to this day—anything more picturesque or insanitary it would be impossible to imagine. It stands at the bottom of a deep hollow between gently-swelling little hills, and is surrounded by neglected orchards and thickets of blackthorn, where in spring-time the thrushes sing all the day long. Built of cob, the walls of the cottage lean this way and that, the thatched roof sags, and the tiny windows gleam under the thatch like small, evil eyes. A stagnant duck-pond, green with slime and weed, soaked then (and still soaks) comfortably into the foundations of the house and sent long, beautiful green streaks up the walls.

Yet under such conditions Gidleys had lived, father and son, for generations before Susan Gidley saw the light one mild spring evening in 1816. She entered the world with a loud and bitter cry: "A fine lusty babe," the midwife said, "and one like to live long." A prophecy which did not then seem likely to be fulfilled, Susan's mother having for the last twelve years been bearing and burying children as fast as she could. . . .

Susan's father, as he came in from his work, had heard that cry and knew what it meant; such intimations of immortality were familiar to him. He stood and looked up into the sky; it was yellow that evening, and a great bright star hung just above the edge of the hill like a lamp; in the darkening orchard a big white owl flitted, swooping low under the trees. The man was tired out; for labourers in those days were worked like cattle. He longed to throw off his heavy farm boots, caked with mud, and stretch his feet out to the fire and have a bite of supper . . . but there, he couldn't get any sort of comfort tonight; he thought, with a sort of bitter stolidity, the newcomer would have all the attention. The best he could do would be to trudge down the

long muddy lane to the village and spend the evening in the public-house. Stooping his great height to pass under the low doorway, he entered the dark disordered house. The fire had gone out, the table was littered with scraps of food and unwashed dishes. Two children, a boy and a girl, stood together beside the window, trying apparently to light a little oil lamp.

"Mother's taken bad and the fire 'as gone out, father," the boy volunteered by way of greeting.

"An' we're to be quiet as mice, Mrs. Tillet says," the girl added, "not to make no noise." Gidley sighed, and sat down beside the cold hearth to wait and wonder over the difficulties of life. Tom, the boy, a tall child for his eight years and very serious, came and sat on a stool by his father's chair to ask in a whisper if it was true that wages were down again? Yes, Gidley told him with a groan, down sixpence. It didn't seem a very terrible decrease; but in this family it had the significance of a funeral knell. Tom folded his little lips without a word and silence fell between the father and son. At last with an effort Gidley asked: "'Ad any supper, you two?"

"Just bits, father, couldn't find nothing else," said Tom.

"Well, then, best get to bed, 'tis easier when you're a bit clemmed—wait though, maybe mother has a loaf put by in the high press," Gidley suggested, knowing his wife's trick of putting bread out of reach of her children. He groped on the inaccessible shelf and mercifully found a loaf there, cut a slice for each child, gnawed a hunk of it himself, and then decided to start for the village. "But best find if 'ees a boy first," he thought. A stair, very much like a hen-ladder, went up to the bedroom under the thatch where his wife lay. He groped his way up and felt for the latch. "That you, Gidley?" a sharp voice cried, and a woman came to the door.

"Yes—how's she?"

"Wonderful hearty; 'tis a girl you've got this time—a fine little lass—like to be a long-liver, I say."

Gidley, having satisfied his fatherly curiosity, stumbled down the hen-ladder again and set off for the village. As he trudged along he meditated on the child that had

been born to him that night. She had come into a hard world. Surely never since time began had things been harder for the poor. The soldiers just come home from the wars in France, wages down to eight shillings in the week, nothing doing at that, and look at the price of food! It was as much as he could do to scrape along; he and his wife never knew what it was to have a full meal, and a good thing it was that four out of the six children they had already been blessed with were now safely under the sod. Yet here was another to feed! Gidley was a kind-hearted man and had loved every one of the six, though he couldn't but admit to himself how desperate things would have been if they were all still alive. "'Tis the meat!" he groaned, "the feedin' of 'em." He wondered vaguely and with sadness if it was true that this child was going to live for many years.

Surely something was wrong, for the four little departed ones had been healthy and hearty at birth. . . . Perhaps it was the food difficulty? He gave a passing thought to the cottage—cold o' nights in winter, and damp at the fall of the leaf; but hadn't his father and grandfather both lived in it to a ripe old age? ("Granfer touched ninety, 'e did") . . . perhaps it was just that puzzling thing, the will of God? . . .

Gidley had reached this dilemma of thought when the welcome twinkle of the tavern lights appeared. His heavy, lagging step quickened, he whistled a tune and drove dull care away. Little he guessed that this torch of life which he had kindled was to burn on for a hundred years before it flickered out and Susan Gidley left the world.

* * * * *

Thus Susan began her long journey. And now, a whole century later, here she was, come to end her days in the Union Infirmary. All her hundred years Susan lived in the same cottage where she was born, and where generations of Gidleys had lived and died. She married a cousin, so even her name remained the same, and he, being a Gidley, got the cottage when Susan's parents were gone. Susan would have liked to die under that well-known roof which had sheltered her so long, but this last wish wasn't going to be granted. Her children were dead years ago, no kinsfolk were left to

take care of her, she could no longer look after herself; so to the Union she must go. True, it was the Union of her native parish and everyone there knew her; but it was the Union all the same, and comfortless at that.

England is not always an indulgent parent to the aged poor who have to turn to her for shelter at the last: they do not lie easy nor fare delicately. For the axiom goes that idle and worthless persons must not be made too comfortable, so the innocent often suffer for the guilty.

In the grim ward where Susan lay the mattresses were too hard for weary old bones to rest upon. There was little light or sunshine in the place, for the windows looked out to a high blank wall. The air of the ward was heavy with the smell of damp from the old walls, and in cold weather the draughts were cruel. But Susan had not been petted by life: she came of grand, old, much-enduring, unsubdued stock—I doubt if she knew what real comfort meant. It never occurred to her to complain. She was looked after in a happy-go-lucky, unscientific way, but kindly enough, and she asked for no more—and might have asked in vain, for she would not have got anything better.

Susan was generally cheerful enough; but she had "bad days" which were well known to those about her. On these days it seemed as if a great wave of terror rushed over her soul—a terror of loneliness—and she would cry out aloud for those she had lost, calling to them by name in an agony of entreaty: "Ain't you there, mother? Why ever don't you come, an' me wantin' you terrible? Tom dear, wat's keepin' you all this time? Don't you 'ear me, Tom?". . . . Thus she would call into the void hour after hour with cries that might make the angels weep. Then worn out, she would sink down and fall sound asleep, to waken up quite bright and calm again.

Susan was a great favourite with the other patients because she was so old that they felt young themselves by contrast, and could chuckle and say, "Pore old Grannie!" On this, Susan's hundredth birthday, they were very anxious that nothing should happen to upset her; it must, if possible, be a "good day." Few, if any, allusions would be made to the anniversary, in

case it should recall the past too painfully; yet you "never knew how to take her," as they said, for she was very proud of her great age and not in the least afraid of death: almost every evening when she was put straight for the night she would suggest with a sort of bright curiosity, "Happen I may get away quiet-like before the morning?"—but the morning would break sunny or grey as the case might be, and they would find Susan still there: "Yes; seems as I'm to live another day yet," she would say with a little chuckle of laughter.

No, most distinctly it wasn't death she was afraid of; it was this spectre of loneliness which terrified her; and how was she to be kept cheerful on her birthday with all its associations of youth? The difficulty was that on her "good days" Susan was exceedingly fond of talking. Very, very hazy about the present, her memory was clear as day where the past was concerned. She was indeed the great *raconteuse* of the Union and a vast source of entertainment to the other old women in the ward. Lying back upon her pillows, idle at last after her century of toil, Susan lived over again her childhood's days. The past was so vivid to her that she made it real to her hearers. She had a trick of closing her eyes and beginning to speak very slowly, as if the scenes she described were passing in a long review before her. Every few minutes she would pause and move her toothless jaws in a ruminative way, chewing the cud of memory, then quite suddenly she would open her eyes again and resume the story, whatever it was. Susan went into great detail in her stories. She produced a sort of Dutch-picture by this means for her audience. It was a question whether the details were real or invented; small matter, they served their purpose. Today she was more than usually reminiscent. Something had been said about food, which started her off on the conditions of her childhood:—

"Yes, 'twas a small round table we sat at . . . . little black, old table cracked acrost the leaf. Mother 'ud put a bit o' that there 'green' bacon on the white dish, and cut a slice o' bread for me, and a slice and 'alf for brother Tom, and two for father, but just an *'alf* for 'erself . . . . cruel days those for the pore, my dears; mother 'adn't never enough o' food then. I know *now*

. . . . used to ask her, ' Mother, wye don't *you* 'ave a bit o' bacon along of us ? ' And she'd say, ' No,' she wasn't fancyin' bacon somehow . . . . Oh, I know *now*—I've 'ad children meself, you see—know all about not fancyin' food ! " . . . .

Grannie opened her eyes suddenly at this point to look at her audience, secure of having scored with them, for most of them understood such an allusion. Then, shutting her eyes again, she " turned them on her heart," as the poet says, and resumed her story :—

" Mind clear as yesterday, father comin' in one night . . . . big, tall, sort o' tree of a man 'e was—'e comes in and sits him down by the table—same little old black table with the cracked leaf to it—and covered 'is face in 'is 'ands.

" ' Wot's ever wrong ? ' says mother.

" ' Wages down again,' says father ; ' they're to be seven shillin' and sixpence *onlye* next week.'

" Mother didn't say not one word. (Me sittin' on me little stool by the fire looks up.) She just done then the same she always did when in perplexity—takes off 'er apron and then puts it on again, tying the strings tight, *tight* with a jerk : sort of way she 'ad, that. Brother Tom gettin' to be a big lad then—must 'ave been 'bout eighteen years as I recall the looks of 'im—Tom rose up and cursed and swore terrible—cursed the farmers with their mean ways, an' the gentry with their wealth—aye, and cursed the land with its nettles an' thorns—same as the pore land could 'elp the nettles !

" Then I started in to weep the way children will wen there's trouble 'mong their elders, and mother took and turned me out at the door : ' Run away an' play, me dear,' says she. . . . Wasn't much *play* in me that evening . . . went up the orchard and climbed into the old apple tree that had a forked branch an' stood beside the well . . . thought I'd watch for white owl to come out after the field mice, way 'e did. I disremember did 'e catch one that night ? " . . . Susan lapsed into silence and memory for a minute or two, then shaking her head she went on :—

" Ah, but I remember something more . . . saw mother, after a bit, come up the path to the well. She

was 'olding one 'and 'gainst 'er side, and in tother she carried that there blue mug as stood on the shelf in the corner press. Well, she bends down and fills 'im from the spring and drinks and fills 'im again and drinks, and says she out loud to 'erself: '*There's enough o' that at least.*' . . . Never saw that there blue mug without I remembered them words o' pore mother's." . . . .

There was a chorus of sympathetic sighs and grunts from the old women by the fire; Grannie had struck a note that vibrated in each of their hearts; she took up her tale again after a short pause:—

"Terrible days those for the pore, terrible days—hadn't never enough to eat 'ceptin father or Tom poached an 'are or a rabbit. Mother was all against poachin': 'Just makes it worse to go wi'out,' she'd say, 'for the belly do crine in natural-like if so be 'tis *never* full, and then it don't miss the meat; but if you go fillin' your pore belly with rich meat one day, and there's naught to fill 'im with the next—you'm bound to suffer more.'"

There was a murmur of assent to this bit of wisdom. Susan rambled on:—

"Rarely fine-looking lad was Tom; like a young tree 'e was, that tall and 'andsome . . . used to carry me on 'is back up the orchard o' nights—wonderful close friends me an' brother Tom." She paused, the tears running down her cheeks, then sobbed, and turned round on her pillow with a curiously childish gesture of distress.

"There, there, Grannie," said the woman in charge briskly, passing down the ward at the moment, "what are the tears about? You'll be having tea soon; I expect that's what you're wanting?" She came and stood by the bedside for a moment and looked down at Susan.

"No, me dear, 'tisn't tea I'm wanting," the old woman sobbed, "'tisn't tea—'tis something I can't 'ave . . . . 'Ope you'll not go on livin' same as I've done till there's not one of your own flesh and blood left 'pon the earth."

The loneliness of heart of one who had long outlived all her own generation took hold upon her—father, mother, brothers and sisters, had gone first; then husband and children. One after another they went forward while she stayed behind. Five-and-thirty years ago Susan's

husband had died; five-and-twenty years ago she lost her children; but with that curious reversion to the earliest memories of life that comes with extreme old age, she grieved less over these comparatively recent losses than she did for the griefs of her remoter past. Now with a little, whimpering cry she turned upon her pillow refusing to be comforted. "'Tis Tom I'm wantin', Tom as used to play with me," she cried.

The old women by the fireside shook their heads, distressed to see poor Grannie so upset on this her hundredth birthday; but they had great faith in the magic influences of tea—her tears would soon be dried, "And then she'll commence 'er tales again quite cheerful," they said. Their prophecies came true. Half an hour later Susan was plucking up heart once more, and, her mind still running on the playmate of her childhood, had to tell her audience more about him:—

"Made a vest for me to wear under me frock against the cold, made 'im out o' rabbit-skins 'e poached. Cruel cold 'twas then, and scarce any warm clothes to our backs . . . can't get *clothes* off seven shillin's a week; can't get naught but *rags*. Tom wouldn't see me go cold not if 'e could prevent it, and 'e'd bring in a rabbit or an 'are wenever 'e could . . . skin 'im with that there little old sharp knife as 'e carried on 'im, an' rub the skins with alum and sew 'em together for a vest for me. . . . Mother, she'd weep and lament. 'You'll swing for it yet, Tom,' she'd say. Sort of perplexed me that word, for Tom fixed up a swing for me on the old apple tree by the well—(I'd sit there a-swingin' 'alf the day summer time)—and watever did mother mean saying Tom would swing for killin' a rabbit?

"'Mother,' sez I, 'don't you take on; I'll let Tom swing so high as ever 'e likes enny day!' Such a child I was—didn't unnerstand. But mother screamed loud out, crying, 'Don't ever say the word, Susan'—lor'! I was all in a puzzlement!"

Susan's audience was thrilled—the very thought or suggestion of a hanging was enough to make their mouths water.

"You don't say as 'e *did* swing?" the spokeswoman of the party asked.

Now Susan had the real gift of narration. She liked to keep her audience in suspense. So lying back with closed eyes for a full minute she seemed to have fallen asleep, till quite suddenly she opened her eyes again to say: "No, 'e didn't swing—'e was transported."

"All along of a rabbit or two!" cried the women in a breath.

"No, me dears—for riotin'—riotin' for bread. Could bear 'unger 'imself like a man any day, could Tom, but wouldn't see *me* cryin' for bread. That was it. 'Twas me sent pore Tom to Botany Bay."

Thrilled was the audience indeed; but the story and all the memories it brought to her mind proved too much for Susan once more. She wept aloud, calling on Tom for forgiveness as if he had been there beside her:—

"'Owever was I to know, Tom, and me such a child? Just knew I was 'ungry an' wanted bread!" she cried.

"There now—as if 'e'd blame you!" said one of Susan's audience. "Don't you be a-thinking like that, Grannie." But Susan wept on and on. Then, trying to get her started on a fresh story, the other woman asked:

"And you never heard no tidings of 'im?"

"Never me dear, never—Tom hadn't no schoolin', you see, couldn't read nor write, an' posts weren't wat they seem to be these days—no letters comin' and goin' for the pore then. No, no, Tom died for us wen 'e sailed for Botany Bay."

A happy inspiration came to one of the women at this point.

"Who knows, Grannie, but 'e lived long and 'appy?" she suggested. "'Twouldn't be a life-sentence, not for only riotin'—maybe 'e took land like they do out there and turned to be a farmer?"

This cheerful picture dried Susan's tears again, and she remembered how powerful fond Tom had been of the soil: "Could make things grow anywheres, could Tom . . . . had a crop of potatoes in that there little patch to the west of the cottage every year . . . 'e'd take me out with 'im to dig 'em up . . . they'd 'ang from the fork like a bunch o' grapes and 'e'd finger them that lovin', an' run the soil through 'is 'and sayin' to me: 'Tis a bit

of *England*—that's *England*, Susie, that loam is!' Oh, a strange feelin' 'e 'ad for the soil, had Tom, yes and father, too." . . . .

Just then a little stir awoke in the ward, for a visitor had come in, accompanied by the Master of the Union. The visitor was a tall, powerfully-built young man who walked with a fine swinging step. As he came up the ward he looked about him curiously. Almost terrible it was to see his youth and strength here where age, failure and weakness were gathered together in a sort of pitiable scrap-heap. Something of the cumulative sadness of the place seemed to reach his perceptions, for as he passed along he muttered: "Well! Well!" with an unmistakable intonation of astonishment and dismay.

The Master halted beside Susan's bed.

"Well, Grannie, how are you today?" he said kindly. "I've brought a kinsman to visit you on your birthday, who comes all the way from Australia."

It often took some time before ideas penetrated to Susan's brain. She lay still for a moment with closed eyes as if trying to take in what was being said to her. The young man did not speak either: he stood looking down at the little old face in silence. Then as Susan still did not speak, he whispered to the Master: "It's not possible she *can* be my grand-dad's sister—it doesn't seem as she could be still alive!"

"You ask her and see—speak to her: she'll remember all about him," the Master urged.

"But the poor old lady's asleep," he objected.

"Oh, she often shuts her eyes without being asleep; it's a way very old people have—they don't wish to be bothered."

Thus encouraged, the young man bent down and repeated the Master's words into Susan's ear: "Will you speak to a kinsman who has come all the way from Australia?"

Susan opened her eyes and looked long and vaguely at him, but no word of greeting came from her lips. He, a little embarrassed, again tried to begin conversation:

"Do you remember your brother Tom who left England for Australia, somewhere 'way back in 1825

or so ? " he asked, hesitating as he spoke, for he did not wish to employ the word " transported " if possible. Could this survivor from another age really understand what he was speaking about ? he wondered. There was a moment of silence.

" Do I remember brother Tom ? " Susan cried in her high, shrill old voice, " strange thing 'twould be if I was forgettin' 'im ! " She peered up into the face of the man beside her, and suddenly her stare concentrated and she seemed to be searching his features for some remembered likeness. Then she began to raise herself slowly on her elbows till at last she sat upright in the bed, all the time never taking her eyes off the young man's face. He stood still, smiling down at her, and said, to help her perplexity :

" I'm Tom Gidley, too, you see."

Stretching out her wasted arms to him in an ecstasy of welcome, Susan cried, " Wye, *you're* Tom, you're 'im ! Would know you anywheres, same eyes, same mouth . . . Oh, Tom, you've come back ! and I'm not alone no more ! "

Vain to undeceive her, vain and cruel, too, it would have been. The Master, taking in the situation, whispered something in the young man's ear, who nodded and sat down to play the rôle of his own grandfather as best he could. It was not very difficult, for Susan did all the talking. Out of the deep and curious wells of memory she drew up such touching records of forgotten griefs and hardships ! The stranger coming from a larger, richer land listened and marvelled—had his forefathers really suffered these things ? If so, why did they feel as they did for England ? Susan's quaint, ungrammatical speech was the same he had heard on the lips of his grandfather : he remembered the big, white-haired old man who could neither read nor write but could tell him all about England ; he remembered how the old man stood once and laid his heavy hand on his shoulder saying : " They treated me cruel, Tom, cruel hard ; but that wa'nt the fault of England—you *remember England.*" And all this that Susan was prattling of now he had heard from his grandfather too—all about the cottage in the hollow, with the thatched roof and the long chimney, and the white owl, and the apple tree with

the swing on it, and the well. . . . "You remember England, Tom, wen you're a man, an' go an' see the old place," his grandfather had said. Well, he had remembered it, yes, and fought for it too, and had visited the "old place" in duty bound. As he walked up the hillside out of the hollow, and an owl blundered out just as it did a hundred years ago on the night of Susan's birth, it had seemed to this young Gidley that troops of ghosts must be flittering about that hollow—ghosts of generations of Gidleys who lived and suffered there. "Not much of a life," the young man concluded, and yet some chord deep down in him answered to the place, and he understood why he had come over to fight for England. . .

Susan all this time kept hold of his hands; she gazed into his face as if she could not look enough; but her tiny stock of vitality was getting used up, and she sank back against the pillow at last and closed her eyes.

"Have you all you want here?" the young man asked kindly: he could not think, looking round him, that she had. Susan did not answer for a moment; then, a smile lighting up her face, she whispered faintly, "You're wat I wanted, Tom, *all* I wanted," and closed her eyes again.

"I'll come tomorrow and bring you some—some little presents I have for you," he said. "I guess you're a bit tired tonight, I'd best be going; but I'll come bright and early tomorrow."

She did not speak. He stood and looked down at her before he turned away, and noticed an expression of exquisite peace steal over her face; she seemed almost young again he thought.

When the stranger had gone, the old women in the ward agreed that Grannie had been wonderfully fortunate on her birthday; they thought it improbable that the new kinsman would really return to see her again, but at least this day had ended happily. They did him injustice, however: he came next morning, bringing with him all manner of unheard-of comforts for Susan, but he came too late.

For she who waited so long at the ferry had got over in the end, and had started out now upon her immeasurable journey into Eternity.

Modern Rugby Football

By United Services

To Rugby enthusiasts the enhanced popularity of the game since the war has been most gratifying. Its hold on the younger generation seems firmly established. Many more schools than before are playing it, and many prominent clubs, both in London and the provinces, owing to their increased membership, are placing several teams in the field each Saturday. The amateur status, also, of Rugby football seems more secure than ever; the establishment of the professional Rugby League, playing an altered version of the game, far from damaging the amateur Rugby Union, has purified it by providing an outlet for those who desire to earn their living through proficiency as players. The absence of this class ensures the pursuit of the amateur game in its proper sporting spirit, and if we can preserve this, we can well afford to part with some of its most skilful exponents every now and then.

Fine game as it is, its rules and methods, like those of other sports, require overhauling from time to time as experience and new ideas point to lines of possible improvement. But in making criticism from outside the touch-line it should be borne in mind that every year the critic gets away from his playing days, the more he is likely to adopt—though unconsciously, of course—the point of view of the spectator rather than of the player. It is the latter who is the final judge.

At the moment it is probably the scrum in Rugby which is the subject of most controversy. As now played out, it is admittedly defective. The old scrum of the eighties was a real scrummage, the forwards a pushing, perspiring pack, while that of today is a rapid, scrambling affair, and the sooner it is finished with, both players and spectators are the more pleased. Everyone wants the open game. In comparison with the old days the quick break-up of the scrum, with the forwards among the halves and three-quarters, is commendable, since it produces the much desired open play. Against this benefit to the game we note, however, the defect that what happens to the ball in the modern scrum is a much more chancy affair than when going right through the opposing forwards or wheeling the scrum and thus taking

it on were the only tactics which would bring the ball into the open. It was the permission to heel which shortened the duration of the scrum. But under present conditions it is almost as hard to get the ball into the new scrum as it was to get it out of the old one, and which pack of forwards obtains possession to heel it is too often a matter of luck. Can we not legislate for a scrum being started more fairly and more quickly than it is now?

Time after time the ball is rolled to the scrum by the half-back without going in. The ball either does not find the opening, or goes right through, or is refused entrance by eager but only half-seeing forwards. The half-back no longer places the ball in, but stands a yard or two away and rolls it. Attempts to roll it in follow one another, and the usual sequel is for the referee to whistle a penalty for "leg up," and then, maybe, a penalty goal is gained. The outcome of the penalty is a matter of pure chance, whether it is distance won by a kick up or across field or into touch, or a penalty goal obtained—as it depends chiefly on the place in the field where the scrum was held. This is a common incident in modern Rugby, although one quite unknown in the eighties and nineties. It exemplifies the inherent difficulty of putting the ball in the scrum rather than reflecting on the half-backs and forwards wishing to evade in any way the rules. It is bewildering to the spectators and must be unsatisfactory to the players. Often the result of a match hinges on this great defect in the game. One remembers that there are two teams of amateurs playing the game in the best sporting spirit, yet penalty succeeds penalty for infringement of rules. In estimating the comparative form of two teams it is the custom of critics to ignore these penalty goals and reckon how many other scores have been obtained by each as the best way of arriving at which is the better side. In a recent England *v.* Wales match at Twickenham the writer counted on one occasion no less than nine futile attempts to put the ball into the scrum before it got there, and this went on without one of the most exacting referees awarding any penalty. The rules are clearly at fault—is there no improvement practicable?

Formerly the ball was actually placed in the scrum by the half-back. This practice was forbidden because

some half-backs used to place it nearer to their own forwards than to the centre of the scrum. But placing rather than rolling the ball in the scrum seems to be the lesser of the two evils now that we have had experience of the rolling method. It seems in the first place that the latter can never be satisfactory because the shape of the Rugby ball does not lend itself to straight rolling. It should, secondly, be easier for the referee to control the half-backs than the forwards. It seems advisable, therefore, to revert to the practice of placing the ball in the scrum. If the Rugby Union considers it impracticable, even with due penalties exacted, to restrain the erring partiality of scrum halves under the excitement of the moment, there are other courses which might well be experimented with. One would be to provide the referee with an assistant who would place the ball. Another would be to make a new rule that the ball is to be placed in the scrum, with all feet down, and not allowed to be played until the referee, satisfied as to its placing, has whistled the "carry on." Let him have a louder whistle than he now has, if necessary, and let him blow it close to the scrum. If none of these suggestions is considered practicable or an improvement, let other methods be examined for remedying the present inefficient one of restarting play.

Coming to the tactics of the game in mid-field, it seems to the writer that the position of the full back is one capable of great development on new lines. This player is in the best attacking position of anyone in the field, and all he is usually brought up and trained to do is—defence. His attacking position is very strong when he receives the ball, as he so often does, without anyone, as a rule, within yards of him. The opponents, under ordinary conditions, simply cannot be there (when the ball comes to him), as they would be offside if they were. He, generally, therefore, has plenty of room to manœuvre in. But all he is expected to do is to kick into touch, to send the ball deliberately out of play. The freshest man on the field maybe, and in the best possible position to initiate a running and passing movement, he yet has to be content to gain ground for a certain definite distance, and at the price of giving up an excellent chance of his side going right through, after an attack has been initiated by him.

The need brings forth the man, and as a consequence of the limitations imposed upon his enterprise, the full back of today is usually of the solid and safe order of player. So addicted, indeed, is he to safety first, that he does not even drop-kick the ball, although, if he were skilled in the art, he could gain greater distance with better direction by drop-kicking than by punting; awful prospect—he might "top" the ball while drop-kicking!

Can we not have in the full back another kind of player altogether, one of the most brilliant runners of the side, speedy and full of feint and swerve, something akin to what the wing three-quarter was in the days when the whole team used to play up to him—players like Stoddart, Bolton, and Wade? Why did the wing three-quarter of old do such brilliant things? Because in addition to his exceptional individual qualities as a strong and elusive runner, which he was encouraged to develop and not to repress, he received the ball by long passes when in a free position to manœuvre, and had thus time to get up speed and to look around before coming into the fray. His was the initiative which he seized in no uncertain manner. He was always all out for going through. Certainly he had not to face opposing forwards so quickly dispersed from a scrum as they are today, and assisting in the tackling, but one is inclined to think that with an opening field before him these players would not have worried him very much. The modern wing forwards hamper the modern centres and stand-off half so successfully because they are so near to them. The full back, on the other hand, by having so much room has to a great extent the opportunity of the old wing three-quarter. The dashing-on forward is usually an easy man to avoid if there is room to step aside, and afterwards the players are spread, and a passing movement is made feasible. It would certainly add greatly to the attraction of the game if we could revive in this new full back some of the brilliant and individual running of the former wing three-quarter. Provision could readily be made for another player to take the full back's position when he elected to run.

One cannot leave out of the discussion of the full back the qualities required of him other than as a finder of touch under present tactics. He is required to stop a

rush of the opposing forwards, he has to fall on the ball, or else collect it from their feet, and he must be a good tackler. There seems, however, no reason to suppose that we should not be able to find these defensive qualities in the strong individual runner who, it is considered, should fill the altered rôle of the full back. Rather the contrary. True it is that the modern wing three-quarter is often—too often—of the light hare order of runner, though there are some brilliant exceptions, but it is not a player of this type who is wanted as the new full back, rather the strong individualist who used to be the star turn of his side. Here again the need should bring forth the man.

Let us consider the tackling the full back has to do. It is of two sorts, the comparatively easy and the nearly impossible—easy when the runner just escapes being tackled by the three-quarter, and is out of his stride and pressed for room, or is towards touch and thus hampered for dodging and use of his speed. Some of these tackles by the full back look well, but are not, as a rule, difficult to bring off. The tackling, however, that the full back has to attempt at times is the most difficult in the whole range of tackling, a trifle more difficult perhaps than that the rushing-on forward has to make when going for the full back. The initiative is reversed. A back finds himself in mid-field more or less stationary some fifteen to twenty yards in front of a player coming straight at him under full speed, able to alter his course instantly at will. Now what chance has the back of bringing down his man? Practically none; and thus he is often left standing without having touched the runner, who is past in a flash if he knows what to do and how to do it—side-stepping, feinting, swerving. The kind of player it is desired to see as full back would probably have the better chance of getting his man, as, being himself speedy and resourceful, he might be able to run alongside and so down him. The solid and safe back is usually wanting in speed and dash, and if he cannot get his man low, is quite defeated. Often his positioning to go low reveals his intention and direction, and makes him all the easier to pass.

Before leaving the question of tackling, the writer suggests (without it is hoped being thought heretical) that the practice of "going low," is overdone. "Go low,"

and "Feet, feet!" and other slogans are all very well when the circumstances dictate. Taking a man low, however, is obviously not the best form of tackling, because both players are out of play for the moment, the defender immobilizing himself when grassing his opponent. The ideal tackle is to put the man, plus the ball, out of action while remaining in play oneself. A strong and speedy player, who can fend the hand-off and tackle the man with the ball without going down himself, may tackle more than one man during a passing movement. Also, the player tackled low has his arms free to pass, and is usually able to hand on the ball, but in the high (or smother) tackle he can rarely do so. It is not given to every player to be able to tackle high, and the low tackle is obviously the only method that, for example, the smaller player should adopt. Also there are occasions when the low tackle is the right thing to be done by one and all. But let us not make a fetish of it, as, other things being equal, it is not so efficient a tackle as that of the high or smother description. Going resolutely for the man with the ball is the essential thing.

The lack of individual running by the centre three-quarters is one of the noticeable changes in recent tactics. The probable explanation of this is that the modern stand-off half has usurped the position of the old centre. He is now the chief pivot of the attack when once the ball has come out to him. His is the first initiative, except when on rare occasions the scrum half cuts through on his own. The centres seem to lie too close to him, and they would probably find themselves with better chances of individual running if they went back some ten or fifteen yards from where they now place themselves for an attacking movement, and then came forward in echelon formation at good speed. The attack would thus be more likely to develop favourably, whether the stand-off half breaks through or passes. How sick and tired spectators (and the forwards, surely) are of the fruitless passing across the field after the ball has been sent well out by the scrum half, because they all know that it is extremely inefficient play! Modern three-quarters are asked to recollect the motto of the Zulus: "If we go forward we die, if we go backward we die; better go forward and die."

Coming to kicking the ball, it is remarkable how in the modern development of the game the drop-kick has given place to the punt. The drop-kick is now more or less taken only for a shot at goal at close quarters. Why is this so when by the drop-kick more distance can be gained than by the punt, if the player is proficient in the art? Gone for ever seem to be the days when the full back would receive the ball and regularly drop-kick it half the length of the field, and when goals were drop-kicked from near or on the half-way line. Now great applause is given to a back who finds touch with a punt of over thirty yards. It is easy to understand a hard-pressed half, or centre, or other player punting into touch, but a player who has the time, which means room, at his disposal, and does not make use of the drop-kick, is throwing away an opportunity of gaining the greater distance, joined with a straighter line.

The shape of the Rugby ball lends itself to the drop for gaining distance in pitch, run on the ball, and accurate direction in comparison with the punt. It is admittedly more difficult to drop-kick than to punt, but since so much is at stake, surely the lost art of drop-kicking should be revived. It is a matter of instruction and afterwards of regular practice. These days of strenuous competition should by now have led to the game being played all round in the best way. One does not advocate that punting should be neglected, as often in play it is the best thing to do. The high punt up field or across it, so calculated that the players can be up to the ball when it comes down, is obviously a fine piece of tactics. That no one can tell how the Rugby ball is going to bounce from a punt makes this manœuvre a likely scoring one. This defect of the punt under other conditions becomes an asset here, for the erratic bounce of the ball usually aids the attack more than it does the defence.

An error in strategy is often seen in modern Rugby. A side some points down, when play is well into the second half of the match, acts continuously on the defensive by kicking repeatedly into touch instead of seizing every chance of running or punting down field. It is trench warfare at the wrong time, as it is clearly preferable to lose the match by many more points down after having gone all out to win it. Touch-finding is for the other side

in its attempt when wearying to hold on to the winning points.

Kicking into touch instead of trying to go through the opposing side is admittedly a defect in the modern development of the game. Alterations in the rules as regards touch-finding are being experimented with by the Rugby Union in order to make players adopt bolder tactics. But the natural evolution of the game will probably remedy the defect. A fine side and a fit side is always recognized at once by its open play, which means kicking up and across field rather than into touch if a running and passing movement cannot be advantageously initiated or continued. The best examples will be eventually copied. The spectators, however, may well ask if the modern touch game is so generally practised in order to save the forwards. The modern forward has his stamina thoroughly extended by the fast and furious open play of today; but, on the other hand, he has not that continuous hard pushing to do for minutes on end in a close scrum which wore down the energy of his predecessor. Rugby players now, as before, must be in the pink of condition, and the side which is so fit that it can always force the struggle in mid-field will win its matches and at the same time earn the greatest applause from the spectators.

It is suggested that some alterations in minor tactics should be practised. For instance, the full back is not kept guessing enough. Under the stereotyped fashion of kicking into touch, he now confidently hugs the touch-line waiting for the attempt to beat him. He would be greatly surprised if the opponent were to drop-kick a long way up field towards the goal posts or to the far side of them instead of trying to find touch, and probably many a try would be scored as a result of the race for possession following this kind of kick, as the back might have to run as far as the opponent to get the ball. A player trying to pick up the ball when facing his own goal, with opponents on the top of him, is in just about as awkward a position as he well can be. Also a touch-down means a restart on the twenty-five yards' line, with the chance of an open movement by the invader. From all points of view it is generally the better policy to kick up field, and when touch is really wanted, the full back

will not probably be so near to the touch-line as he now is.

Again, there is at present but one kind of kick when play is restarted after a score or touch-down—that of short distance and high, made to enable the forwards, all bunched up, to be in at the fall of the ball. Has it been definitely decided that this short kick is so preferable to a long-distance one that it should always be practised? An opposing forward often catches the ball at the mark and has a free kick almost on the half-way line. The long-distance kick, at any rate, has the advantage of sending the ball into the enemy's territory (and far in when taken from the half-way line), from which it has to be cleared. There is the chance of its remaining there, especially when the ball is wet or the ground is heavy.

Perhaps one of the reasons why the players do not break through more often is because they do not know how to. A pertinent question may well be asked, Is the strong individualist runner a player born or made? There seem to be so few of the type seen in modern Rugby, notwithstanding that their participation in it would materially improve the play. The writer humbly suggests a form of practice which might train on the born runner or even turn out a tolerable imitation of him. This would be to play an old school game when Rugby practice is going on. A space in the field, say of forty yards deep, not wide enough to allow the speedy man much scope, should be marked off, and one player take his stand inside it. The other players should then attempt to cross the area. As collared, they stay inside it and assist in the tackling. It will be found that those players who are usually among the last to be collared are very skilful at all the tricks of feinting, swerving, and side-stepping and dodging generally. They also obtain much practice in these tricks. A quarter of an hour's turn, let us say, at this old school game by Rugby teams when they are practising, should develop greatly the going through qualities of players. They would not only be practising all the necessary tricks, but also obtaining much-needed confidence. They would learn to realize instinctively when they could pass the men waiting to tackle them. Good tackling practice would also be obtained.

Polyphemus

By C. B. Armstrong

THE Cyclops—what an uncouth monster with his shaggy beard, and great stature, and one gleaming eye! Yet we regard him with no aversion. Rather it is a sneaking affection that warms the memory; for is he not a denizen of the fairyland of Greek romance? Is not the air he breathes redolent of the salt sea-breezes of the Odyssey and the scented summer of Theocritus?

Sometimes he stands for me furious, in my dreams, striding at the water's rocky edge, while the little ship of Odysseus bobs below; and in his hand he raises a huge crag, and hurls it so well, for all his pain and blindness, that it lands in the water just behind the stern, and the wave from it sweeps the pirate out to sea beyond his reach. Visions of many a little boat gone west by just such a misdirected splash—how nearly right it was! And sympathy—yes, it *is* sympathy—for the gallant giant rises in a naughty heart.

For, of course, it is wrong. Had he not tried to slay Odysseus? Was he not, as Odysseus tauntingly shouted at him from his ship: "Hard-hearted—for thou didst not reverence the strangers in thine home, but didst eat them up"?

What if he did? He did it in a lordly style.

"Swooping down on my companions he stretched out his hands, and, catching two of them together, he dashed them like puppies on the ground" (truly an illuminating simile). "And their brains flowed out upon the earth, and wetted the clay: and tearing them limb from limb he made ready his evening meal; and ate them like a mountain-bred lion, and left nothing over, neither inwards, nor flesh, nor marrowy bones." And many a young barbarian's heart has gone out to him as he did it. What a far, far better thing was this than Cæsar sending Labienus with 1,000 foot-soldiers and 200 cavalry into the territories of the Ubii, while he himself went into winter quarters at Lugdunum; or than Nicias

exhorting the Athenians that if they, on the one hand, did not in deed accomplish what he himself in word had advised them, the enemy, on the other hand, taking courage from their non-activity, would not only become superior in hope by anticipation, but almost not inferior in battle by arms!

After all, Odysseus was almost too clever. It certainly was a triumph to get his companions (or most of them) safely out of the clutches of a savage monster from a cave surrounded by a wall, which had as its only gate a stone too great for them to move. The gift of strong wine was a clever trick—yet we feel almost sorry for the milk-fed giant who was so "terribly delighted" with the new drink. And the blinding of poor, drunken Polyphemus is, perhaps, a little too realistic, as Odysseus and his men bore out his eye with the sizzling pole, "even as a man boreth a plank for a ship with a great auger, and his mates from below pull it to either side with a leathern strap, and it driveth right in continually." That is hard fortune enough, but worse is to follow, when at the shouts of Polyphemus the other Cyclopes run to his help "through the ambrosial night" (what a dream of an epithet!) and the trick of "No-man," which Odysseus has given as his name, sends them away grumbling. "Is any of mortals driving away thy flocks against thy will?" they ask, "is any killing thee thyself by craft?" And he replies, "O friends, No-man is killing me by craft and violence;" and they, answering, spake these winged words: "If no man is using force on thee, and thou art alone, then 'tis a plague of great Zeus not to be avoided. So pray thou to thy father, the Lord Poseidon." And, hearing, Odysseus laughs, and makes a celebrated pun!

Poor Cyclops! He was not always thus: in younger, brighter days his heart had known true love, though unrequited. And tenderly Theocritus tells us of his sorrow and his frenzy for the incomparable Galatea. It was this that must have broken his heart and set him on the downward track of the savage misanthropy in which Odysseus found him. His own lineage was high. He was the son of Poseidon himself and the sea-nymph Thoosa, and, but for the cruel handicap of his ugliness,

might well have aspired to wed a daughter of Doris and Nereus, the wise old man of the sea. But the Nereid Galatea was of surpassing beauty—and, as so many saddened lovers know, lineage and wealth and suitability have little place when the glamour of love flashes between youth and maiden.

How bitterly and blindly the poor wretch suffers the pangs of misprized love! And how naïvely he tells us of his sufferings in a song in which his uncouthness and the impossibility of his hopes are clear to all but their victim, in spite of the graceful verses in which Theocritus enshrines his complaint. "His was no wooing of roses and apples and curly lovelocks: he was stark mad, and cared for nothing else." Why had he not fins, why couldn't he be a fish and swim to Galatea's bower, and kiss, at least, her hands, if those tantalizing coral lips were forbidden? Perhaps some stranger ship will come to Sicily and some sailor teach him to swim; and out to sea he will go to find out why those marine bowers of Galatea are so fascinating to her that all the charms of his cave—its laurels and vines and cypresses, its flocks and fawns, and, most pathetic of all, its four little bear cubs—are so unattractive. And then the great ugly boy blames his mother; she surely must see him wasting with love day by day, she who could so easily have spoken to Galatea in his favour, yet never spoke. Yes, he will punish her by pretending to be ill, and make her suffer as he does.

So he sits on the shore and sings: yet Galatea still drifts on her inaccessible foam; so elusive and so unattainable that his heart is nearly broken. Only when he sleeps she comes, and as he wakens in delight she flies away.

Sheer ugliness! That is the cause, and he knows it.

> I know, my lovely maiden, why you fly,
> My shaggy eyebrow, stretched from ear to ear,
> And, underneath, my one great gleaming eye
> And broad flat nostrils fill your heart with fear.

But, for all that, as he persuades himself, there are compensations. His cave is very lovely, his flocks very great. How happy they could be, he fancies, tending the sheep and milking and making cheese.

Vain dreams, and soon to be broken. There are hard realities of life, baskets to be made, lambs to be fed, ewes to be milked. And, as he goes, we can almost see him shake off his passion with a shrug of his great shoulders and a grim smile. There is, perhaps, another Galatea—at least there are certain merry maidens not unwilling; however he may be derided in the caves of Ocean, on land he "appears to be somebody!"

Naturally, our sympathy is with Galatea; for Polyphemus has disgraced himself by his subsequent conduct. And the sea-nymph was certainly captivating. It is easy to see where Ovid's sympathies lie when he tells the end of the story in his "Metamorphoses." Galatea, here, is allowed to speak for herself, and she confides her view of the courting to Scylla: presumably to Scylla in her happier days when she was still a lovely maiden who played with the nymphs of the sea. For after jealous Circe had changed her into the monster of later fame by throwing magic herbs into her bath, she would have been no fit confidant. So Galatea explains; Polyphemus is pestering her with his attentions. She hates him, and when he pursues her, her only chance of escape is to her native waves. She mocks him, raking out his shaggy hair, and trying to look beautiful in the mirror of a pool. And the foolish creature actually persuades himself that he has succeeded. "Placuitque mihi mea forma videnti," he says.

But Galatea is, perhaps, prejudiced; for ever since she was sixteen years old she has loved passionately Acis, a handsome youth, the son of Faunus and the nymph Simæthis. One tragic day they met, as was their wont, in a rocky cove by the seashore. And Polyphemus, wandering, found them there. Overwhelmed by rage, the Cyclops lost his self-control, and seized a great rock. His aim, on this occasion, was too true, and Acis sank, crushed to death by the blow. His blood flowed out from beneath the rock for a while, till it changed to crystal water, and below the spurs of Etna a fountain (fiume de Jaci) marks the place of the murderous deed.

The character of Polyphemus, blackened by this infamy, is scarcely to be whitewashed, even by his admirers. He could not plead provocation, except

perhaps by Galatea; and that was not enough to justify him in such drastic measures. Yet for a cannibal and a murderer it is remarkable what a romantic figure he cuts in literature, and what delicate and poetic sentiments he is allowed by Theocritus and Ovid to express.

He had, it must be remembered, no opportunities of culture and education in his solitary life; he was brought up an Atheist; and such associates as he found were not desirable. For some time, according to Euripides, he had the disreputable old Silenus and some satyrs as his servants. Unable, presumably from his intemperate habits, to steer straight, Silenus had run their ship aground off Mount Etna, and been taken into captivity. And here Odysseus finds them, in the "Cyclops" of Euripides, when he puts in to buy food and drink for his crew.

It may as well be said at once that Euripides is disappointing in his portrait of the Cyclops. What an opportunity that master analyst of the tempers of the soul missed in Polyphemus! Here, if anywhere, was the typical "earth-born" character—a great child, with all the faults and fascinations of a naughty boy magnified to an heroic scale and untempered by intellect or experience or religion; a nature capable of poetry and murder, of tender love and monstrous gluttony, of fondness for animals and savage cruelty. And when such a creature was pitted against the cunning and experience of the wily Odysseus, while that old roué Silenus and his satyrs kept the ring, there was the making of a fine play. And yet Euripides gives us no Othello, but a tasteless réchauffé of Homer, with many delicate touches spoilt, in facile verse. Except in the choral passages, his play is uninspired: he must have exhausted himself in the preceding trilogy.

Still there are touches which illuminate our hero. Polyphemus is away from his cave when Odysseus lands, and the account which Silenus has to give of him and his brothers is not inviting. They are nomad shepherds, none of them caring anything for anyone. They have no wine, "and therefore dwell in a joyless land." Their food is poor—for the most part milk and cheese. There are occasional treats, when some wayfarer appears; "they say that strangers' flesh is best to eat." "There is no

one," Silenus adds encouragingly, " who, landing here, has not been slain." And then the old man's gloom is transformed by the stranger's gift—the wonderful wine which he had received from Apollo's priest at Ismarus in return for his life, " sweet and unmingled, a drink for the gods." He shouts and dances with joy: it tingles in him, as he says, to his finger-tips. And just as he is happier than he has been for years the Cyclops returns.

He is in a furious rage. He speaks in hurrying tribrachs, the words tumbling over one another. Odysseus and his comrades fly terrified into the cave, and Silenus turns traitor by pretending that they are robbers whom he has gallantly resisted.

Polyphemus is childishly amazed that anyone would dare to rob him. " Did they not know that I am a god and born of gods? " he asks. He was never one to minimize his importance; indeed, when Odysseus invokes Zeus later in the play, the Cyclops says with dignity, " I know not whether Zeus is a greater god than I."

He consoles himself for the outrage by thoughts of the splendid feast which the robbers will provide. There is one lordly touch in this speech, worthy of the best giants of any mythology :—

> I am fed up with feeding on wild beasts,
> I'm sick of lion, lion every day,
> And longing for another taste of man.

The end of the story is on the well-known lines. Odysseus gives him wine, and more wine, of which Silenus, as cupbearer, is careful to get his share. And then the sharpened stake, red-hot, is thrust into that monstrous eye; and the wily Odysseus vaunts over his helpless foe.

What happened to poor blinded Polyphemus is lost in mythic silence. Perhaps he was able to live on with his sheep and his " dear ram " on the lonely cliffs of Etna. Perhaps his brother-Cyclopes helped him along; for they were friendly enough to one another, these wild men. They had come running to help him, as Homer tells, when they heard his cries. And surely when they found out the truth they must have helped. For Polyphemus was kind-hearted enough and fond of them. When he tasted the wine of Ismarus, and was so " terribly delighted," his first thought, according to Euripides, was

to share it with his brothers. Silenus probably saw to it that there was none to share.

At any rate we know from sober history that the tribe of Cyclopes perished. They were an anachronism, and they were bound to go the way of centaurs, and giants, and chimeras, and dragons. Gravely Thucydides tells us that they were the original inhabitants of Sicily, but that he does not know whence they came, or whither they disappeared. "Let it suffice," he adds, "that they are told of by the poets, and that everyone presumably knows about them." Everyone ought to know! The tale of Polyphemus is one of the world's great stories. For my part I shall believe passionately in him. And I care not if a grave and clerical annotator informs me that the Cyclopes are a creation of the mythopœic fancy of the Hellenes; that early navigators found a people on the shores near Lilibæum called, in the Phœnician tongue, "the men of Chek-Lobh"; and that their Greek tongues made Cyclops of the name, and thence fashioned the story of the one-eyed shepherds, and the greatest of them blinded.

Nonsense! Who are we to philologize after three thousand years? Are they not in the Holy Writ of Hesiod, among the mighty brood of the earth: "In other respects, indeed, like unto the gods, but one eye only was set in the midst of their foreheads?"

"Let it suffice," says Thucydides, "that everyone knows about them." And Thucydides, Homer, Hesiod, Euripides, Theocritus, and Ovid are good enough authorities for my happy dreams of that Sicilian wonderland.

The Allotment

By Rosalind Webster

No one could have called Grayshurst a pretty village; the houses were built of concrete and roofed with slate, and the prevailing colour of the woodwork was brick-red.

John and Martha Peach had lived at Grayshurst all their married life, and its lack of beauty affected them little. But when the only public-house was burnt down John had more leisure to discover its shortcomings.

Bored with sitting in the kitchen and quarrelling with Martha, he went out, reflecting the while on the singular bad temper of wives in general, and his own in particular. She was always nagging, she nagged him off to his work in the morning—John was employed at a tannery in a neighbouring town—and nagged when he came home in the evening. More often than not she accused him of drunkenness. Well, what business was it of hers? And what else was there to do in this God-forsaken hole but drink and drink and drink?

Gloomily John joined a group of villagers gathered round the ruined public-house. Everyone wanted to know where they were expected to buy their drink, how the fire started and when rebuilding would begin.

Finding the discussion boring, John lit his pipe and walked off alone. Down the grey village street he went, passed the post office and the coal merchant's, out on to the black tarred main road. It was February, and the gaunt, bare hedges gave no hope yet of summer glory.

In a field men were digging, busily weeding and planting on small patches of land. John leant on a gate and watched them. When young he had been gardener's boy in a large country garden. He hadn't had much to do with vegetables, though. His job had been to weed and trim the flower beds and paths and help mow the lawns. When his work was over he would wander in the woods or lie in the green, green meadows, where Jersey cows stared vacantly into space. And

sometimes there would be cricket; he had played in the village team, captained so often to victory by his master, the old squire. His dreams then had been of the days when he himself would be head gardener, the All Powerful, who chose the plants for the herbaceous borders.

Funny, funny how different life was to what you expected—or hoped.

Suddenly an idea came to him, why shouldn't he have an allotment—and grow things? Pushing open the gate on which he had been leaning, John walked to where a pal of his was digging.

"Evening, Bob," said John, "just struck me I might do a bit of gardening. Any of this land vacant?"

Unwillingly Bob removed a stump of pipe from his mouth and spat thoughtfully at a weed.

"Precious little," he answered, "ask Mr. Talbot, standing over there by the shed. 'E owns this land."

John Peach zigzagged across the field between the carefully portioned allotments, his mind already full of plans for his plot of ground. After some talk Mr. Talbot reluctantly parted with ten rods of his field, in return for which he was to receive yearly the sum of eight shillings and fourpence. John returned home jubilant.

The lack of enthusiasm with which Martha Peach received the news was disappointing. She complained of added expense—which was nonsense—wasn't he going to save a lot of money by . . . by growing things?

Martha laughed unpleasantly. When, she asked, was he going to work, seeing that he was at the tannery all day and at the public-house all the evening?

"You seem to forget the blamed thing's been gutted," replied John.

Martha answered to the effect that there were other means of procuring drink, and directly after supper John went to bed, sulky and aggrieved.

Next evening, his work at the tannery finished, he bought a spade and a seed catalogue which he took triumphantly home. Martha sniffed disdainfully but held her tongue, and John sat down by the kitchen table to study the list. It took him all the evening, and by supper time his seeds were chosen.

"It'll be a rare show, Marthy," he said enthusiastically,

as he packed his mouth with sausage and mash, " what with sweet willums, larkspurs and delphiniums in the summer, then later phlox and dahlias, and perhaps next year, in the spring, I'll have some bulbs. You like flowers, don't you, Marthy ? I'll fill the house with 'em for you ! "

Martha, seeing her husband happy and believing in the popular adage of peace at any price, withdrew her opposition, even tried to help a little. To her surprise she was not rebuffed, although her suggestions were not used.

John would come home in the evenings, carrying mysterious little parcels, and immediately he would go down to the allotment. He dug and weeded the ground thoroughly, revelling in the scent of the fresh-turned mould. Then he began to plant his seeds—in great clumps and patches, he loathed things in rows. It was wonderful; he knew what would come up, no one else knew. He knew what was hidden in that rich brown earth. All through early spring he worked until the plants began to show above ground, little delicate green spikes that owed their existence to him, magic taken from a white paper bag.

It was a long time before he thought about Martha. He hadn't noticed how nice she was being—not minding his mud-stained boots or his being late for supper now and again. And she always put a jug of foaming beer beside his plate.

How proud he was the first evening he took her home an armful of flowers—wallflowers and a tiny bunch of lilies of the valley. (He'd done without cigarettes for a week so as to afford them.) How pleased she was, and how nicely she thanked him as she placed them in a jar on the table. Dear Martha ! She was a good pal for a man. One day, gruffly, almost surlily, he begged her pardon if at any time he had hurt her. She had cried, and blessed him, her dear John. And he had kissed her.

. . . . . .

The allotment was looking lovely, a riot of colour. Larkspurs, sweet williams and peonies were in full bloom. And if you looked very hard, you found all kinds of treasures hidden by the lower leaves of the bigger plants.

But John knew exactly where everything grew. He knew which leaves of the clump of canterbury bells concealed the lobelias, but the nasturtiums were pushing aside the undergrowth which covered them, thrusting their red and yellow heads into the air and sunshine.

In the autumn John had planned to have chrysanthemums, great orange and white balls, like suns and moons, and dahlias, crimson and beautiful. Then, next spring, hyacinths and darling, untidy crocuses. John sniffed the air, the scent of his cherry pie and tobacco plants successfully drowned the smell of his neighbours' cabbages—beastly things, he hated their slimy, yellow outer leaves, reminding him of things he wanted above all to unlearn.

It was a wonderful life! To return in the evenings to this Paradise of colour and aroma! It made it possible to forget the nauseating stench of the factory. Then, when dusk fell, to go home. Magic word, home. Yes, he was happy, fiercely happy.

He always took Martha some flowers; it was extraordinary how much she appreciated them, a joy to see her face light up with love of them. Pity they had no children, she would have looked at them with the same tenderness. . . .

"Good evening, Mr. Peach."

Mr. Talbot's voice broke roughly in amongst John's thoughts, an unwelcome intruder. With one grimy hand Mr. Talbot was picking at a larkspur. How dare he touch them.

"The men have been complaining," he said smoothly, "about your using this land for pleasure gardening. Seeing as there is such a run on it, Mr. Peach, I must ask you to conform to rules and grow vegetables. Or give it up."

"Give it up?" John whispered.

"Or else grow vegetables," returned Mr. Talbot immovably.

"I don't fancy I'll grow vegetables," said John slowly.

"As you like," and Mr. Talbot walked off.

John watched him go. Why not kill him, with his spade? He was a thief, a damned thief, stealing his . . . but what was it he had stolen? His garden was to be

taken away, because he would not grow cabbages. How odd and dark everything looked, as if a storm were coming, but a second ago the sky was blue, a vivid, dazzling blue. What a queer feeling he had in his head, as if he had been half-stunned. Pulling out a knife he knelt on the soft, damp earth.

One by one he cut his blooms, clasping them as they fell, to his heart. Soon there was nothing left but bleeding stubble. By God! he wasn't going to leave one single bud, to blossom and flourish when he had gone!

He bore them home. Martha looked up in surprise as she saw him come in.

"Early, aren't you, John, dear?" she said, laying down the sock she had been darning. Then she saw the flowers; they hid his face.

"My, how lovely! But how extravagant, picking all them flowers at a time!"

John didn't answer. He put his burden on the kitchen table and sitting down beside them buried his face in their midst. Martha saw his shoulders heave, heard a sob.

"What is it, John?" Fear gripped her.

"They've taken away my garden," John's voice came muffled and trembling, "because I wouldn't grow vegetables."

"It's a shame!" said Martha indignantly, "a cruel shame!"

John sat up. He couldn't bear sympathy, not now, not yet.

"Let's have supper," he said briefly.

"I'll just run down to the village and fetch your beer. Didn't expect you so early."

"I'll go myself," answered John, rising.

"No, let me," pleaded Martha, "I expect you're tired."

"No, I'm all right," he snarled, pushing roughly past her to the door.

A good thing, he said to himself, as he walked down the street, that the public-house was open again, a very good thing. What an infernal long time they had been rebuilding it!

But it was funny, funny how different life was to what you expected—and hoped.

Post Mortem

By Laurence Housman

HERE, to her chamber door,
Down, weary, spent with toil,
Heavy of heart, and footsore—
One that could go no more—
Came he, that was I:
Here, at the lintel leant,
Knocked, waited, tired, spent,
Listening with head bent;
So heard, presently,
Soft sounds cross the room,
Feet at the inner door;
Latch click, door sway,
Chink of light that made way
Open to a soft gloom—
And the world was worlds away!

She stood; I knelt.
Then she, sweet she,
Over my sunken eyes
Laid hands, and bade me rise.
And I, that had been he—
Poor he, that was blind
To the bliss that she meant—
In a darkness that was felt,
To her kind shoulder leant;
And on my face, bent
To the unbelieved content,
Motionless, not to miss—
Felt her kiss.

POST MORTEM

O'er the sill,
Silently,
Hand in mine, she drew me in;
And on her bed so still,
That to lie in was no sin,
On that shore, the cease of ill,
Set me free.

Then said she, sweet she;
" Come in my breast and be ! "
Curtains drawn, door shut,
Earth mute, Heaven aware:
So, held from head to foot,
Wound me in her soft hair.

Could I go one step,
One thought, from that breast,
Where slept
All my cares,
And all ills found rest,
Such as none was known before?
She, of cures the dear adept,
Mingler of all parted pairs—
To that sweet nest I crept,
Sank, slept, and woke no more.

Here, over me in stone
Life bereaved has her say;
Here below, from ungrieved bone,
Unvexed flesh melts away.
Farewell, as now I fare,
Parting friends, that once did bind me—
Earth, vapour, fire, and air!
Here, at ends of night and day,
Never more shall you find me.

"Says Sergeant Murphy"

By A. P. Garland

Photography

"Where have you been?" asked Sergeant Murphy, as Heddle came into the bar parlour shortly before closing time on a Saturday afternoon.

"Down to the photographers to have my photo taken," said Heddle. Then he added with an apologetic air, "I didn't want to have it done. It's an aunt of mine——"

"I guessed you were goin' to say somethin' of the kind," said the Sergeant. "No man will ever admit he's had his photo taken without provocation. He'll atthribute all sorts of horrible tastes to his unfortunate relations who can't speak for thimselves in ordher to excuse his own lapse. A man may have a face like a mud idol but he'll insist on thrustin' it within range of a camera whinever a chance comes. He's always hopin', I suppose, that a miracle has happened since he saw the face last and that it's now prisintable.

"I often think, Heddle, that a camera is the divil's own invintion for makin' vain people vainer.

"You know Timms that owns the 'Hare and Hounds.' Well, he's been on a tour of the Continent with his Gatwick winnin's—he and the missus, and he took with him wan of thim alleged vest pocket cameras that has to go with the dhriver on the front of a taxi-cab. The other day he showed me a lot of the snaps he took of the Vatican, the Alps, the Grand Canal at Venice, and so on, and would you believe it? the divil a wan of thim but had Mrs. Timms posin' in the foreground so that she blocked up a considerable piece of the scene. It wasn't, for instance, a picture of the Alps—it was a picture of Mrs. Timms supported be a piece of Alps in the offin'.

"It's the same way with people that go off for a seaside holiday. Up at the office there's not a day passes without at least wan mimber of the staff dhraggin' out a bundle of foggy-lookin' photos and askin' me can I recognize him as one of a row of figures on a beach.

To all intints and purposes he's as recognizable as a deep-sea diver in full kit, but he's disappointed if I don't pick him out first time.

"Whin I was a lad, Heddle, thirty odd years ago, havin' a photo taken was a solemn business. People prepared for it with prayer and fastin', and whin it came home, a family council held a post mortem on it. In thim days photos were ugly and, therefore, resimbled the original. Nowadays you don't get a resimblance. You get a study, which means that the picture resimbles you, the milkman and Douglas Fairbanks equally well. Perhaps it's all for the best whin we remimber that accordin' to statistics only wan face in forty-four is worth snappin'.

"The fact is, the world is bein' overwhilmed with a spate of photography. A chap can't be brought up for takin' an axe to his relations-in-law without photos bein' published of the accused, the axe, the man who sold him the axe, the caretaker of the premises in which the hasty act was committed, and so on. As for Society min and women, the effort to look pleasant all day accounts for so many people havin' to have their faces lifted long before the hand of Time has been gettin' in its best work.

"We've Lady Golightly entherin' the wather in a beige gown of dark sequins or entherin' the ice-cream hell on the Lido in a sunburst suit of pyjamas; with the Quorn, on a motor boat, in a hammock, up a three, and the Lord knows where else, whilst closes-up of Sir John takin' the wathers, takin' the pledge, or takin' the bank at baccarat infest the picture papers.

"If I had me way, no man would be allowed to have his photo taken unless he had come before a board of cinsors and satisfied thim as to why he wanted it done and what he was goin' to do with the finished article."

Suddenly an idea came to Heddle.

"Look here, Sarn't," said he. "What about that full length photo of yourself you had done about three years ago?"

Sergeant Murphy almost blushed.

"Oh, that," said he, with an attempt at nonchalance; "it was the missus had that done. She wanted to sind it to her mother."

First Fruits

By Horace Shipp

The Father. By August Strindberg. (Transferred to the Apollo.)
The High Road. By Frederick Lonsdale. (Shaftesbury.)
The Silver Cord. By Sidney Howard. (St. Martin's.)
Pavlova Season. (Covent Garden.)

THE autumn theatrical season opened in the West End with such a spate of the kind of play which, because it was right on Broadway, was assumed to be right in London that something near to a critical outcry arose. Even the patient, undiscriminating public grew restive; and if theatre managers as a class were capable of forming any opinion of what the public wants, they might well have paused in their manifold dealings in syndicated drivel to meditate upon the fact that Strindberg's *The Father* was not only bringing kudos but full houses to the theatres to which it was taken. At one moment it seemed to be the only piece in London worth giving an evening to, besides Mr. Malleson's *Fanatics*, which obstinately carried its success right over the dead season.

Happily, however, with the second week of September matters have improved. Pavlova has come to Covent Garden for an all-too-brief season; the Old Vic Company, reinforced by no less a person than Sybil Thorndike, have made the Lyric at Hammersmith their temporary abode; Mr. Frederick Lonsdale has given us in *The High Road* a typical comedy of low life above stairs endowed with all the charm of his easy dialogue and dramatic sense; and America itself has contributed something of genuine value in Mr. Sidney Howard's sincere study of a mother's possessive passion, *The Silver Cord*. Nor should mention be omitted of the Everyman theatre which has followed the successful launching of the Strindberg by the production of Mr. Galsworthy's *The Family Man*, and of the Playroom Six which is opening a splendid programme with Ibsen's *Little Eyolf* and Strindberg's *Miss Julie*.

The pleasantly optimistic thing is that these plays of the better class are almost all certain of success, whilst the jazz-minded pieces brought at immense cost from the United States as often as not fail miserably to justify the expenditure financially as well as artistically.

If there were any doubt as to the value of the Strindberg play, a comparison of the reaction of the audience with that at almost any other piece in London would settle the hierarchy. Immediately the curtain falls, the whole house is caught up in virile discussion of this, as it were, minority report upon the question of women's rights. It is not the usual mere discussion of the actual situation created by the dramatist, nor the ordinary adulation of favourite actors and actresses—brilliant as Robert Loraine and Dorothy Dix are in the piece—but intelligent consideration of the social-philosophical problem which was Strindberg's own incentive for writing.

In its degree, the same thing happens with Mr. Howard's *The Silver Cord*. It is so obviously a sincere piece of work written by a man who has something to say about the stuff of human nature and has turned to the stage as a natural means of saying it. In his earlier play, *They Knew What They Wanted*, Mr. Howard showed his capacity for dealing with real people, and in this new piece he has again done his work well. The theme of the mother whose love for her two sons causes her to struggle to retain possession of them against the claims of the women they love is one which stands outside caste and case. America in this instance has given us not only a good play, but in Miss Clare Eames, the wife of the author, an actress able to play opposite Miss Lilian Braithwaite, who is cast as the mother.

Mr. Lonsdale's new play is in lighter vein, with just that touch of serious intention which his work carries. In truth, his power over dialogue is such that one suspects that he could write anything or about anything and make it brilliant. This play concerns the consternation of an aristocratic family at the engagement of the young son to marry an actress. As a set-off to this it concerns the consternation of the young lady's father at the thought of his daughter wasting herself on this useless youth, and one of the most excellent moments which even Mr. Lonsdale has created is that wherein the father in question calls on the lordly family gathered in solemn conclave and arrived at the decision to try to buy the girl off, with a tentative offer that he will buy the young man off.

The main fault of the play was its treble change of direction so that, in fact, there were three plays; for the second act dealt with the captivation of the family by the girl's capacity to teach them the Black Bottom, and the third act showed her transferring her affection to another member of the clan but releasing him to go to the woman he was honourably bound to marry and herself returning to the stage.

Well-cast and well-acted, this comedy of manners is an almost certain success, and although "the best of this kind are but shadows," and this example manages to tell us no more about human nature than that a successful actress can be a finer person and a greater lady than any member of an ancestor-ridden aristocracy, we can be grateful to Mr. Lonsdale for providing something of genuine laughter and sound sentiment. The dialogue and the efficient acting of such practised hands as Miss Gertrude Kingston and Mr. Allan Aynesworth blind us in the theatre to the defects of this piece of stagecraft, destined, I assume, to add its strange testimony to the legend of how the rich live.

No note upon the opening of the autumn season would be complete which did not pay tribute to the fleeting public appearance of Pavlova. She is perhaps wise to limit her visit, not alone in that it gives the quality of rareness to her art, but that it enables her to give of her very best with no element of staleness and wearied showmanship. Pavlova, like the Russian Ballet and the opera, has her faithful public, and, as with them, there need be for her no catchpenny consideration of what the public want. She is an artist who has given the best that is in her, and her following have risen to the appeal of that. It is another phase of the same story. When the stage is strewn with the wreckage of banal "Music Masters" and broken-winged "Whitebirds," and all the rubbish which has pleased America, the best things will be holding their own, and Sybil Thorndike will be playing in masterpieces, Pavlova or the Russian Ballet or the opera catering for the music and dance lovers, and the European classics filling houses, whilst the commercial managers are looking helplessly for sure successes.

Books

ENGLISH WAYS AND MANNERS

CHATS ABOUT OUR MOTHER TONGUE. By B. L. K. HENDERSON. Macdonald and Evans. 2s.

THIS little book, which consists of four lectures given to bankmen, is a welcome addition to those published recently on the use and misuse of the English language. It is notable, because it deals always brightly and effectively with the mystery of words, and because it is addressed to the world of commerce, which, in general, does not make the best of English. Indeed, one might think from some of the arrogant pronouncements of men of business that they have nothing to learn in speaking or writing; and scholars might propose a recognized commercial language which would not defile their heritage of fine literature. That would be a mistake, for it would separate still further the life of the marketplace and of the study. Each has something to learn from the other.

Few to-day can be expected to echo the words of the dying Socrates that a wrong use of words is an injury to the soul, but many, once started on derivations and meanings, may find romance and amusement as well as enlightenment. Dr. Henderson, who is careful to avoid all pedantry, talks ingeniously to his bankmen of the treasury of words, good and base coinage, and literary wealth. His illustrations and instances have the attraction of a wide range of reading. Here is Swinburne beating a cabman with his flow of language, there a servant girl saying, "Please, 'm," and with that last single letter conveying the much-worn remnant of two Latin words, *domina mea*. The struggle between purists and innovators is neatly sketched with the wise conclusion that both are partly in the right. The English have often rebelled against the idea of a governing academy; they are "a race of independents," but by no means insular where language is concerned. They acquire words freely from abroad, though they sometimes change their meaning and often disguise their origin.

It is not easy to share Dr. Henderson's hope, quoted from Dryden, that "we shall become a race of writers," if writing for publication is meant. Already far too much inferior and ill-written stuff is put into print. A race of good talkers and good letter-writers would be much more agreeable. Readers of today miss much which they lay aside as out of date. But great books do revive from time to time. Boswell's masterpiece has had such a revival of late years, to judge from the number of new editions; but even so, it is not known as it should be. Did not Gissing say that all those in the British Empire who purchase grave literature and habitually seek it in libraries could comfortably assemble in the Albert Hall?

English is slack in its arrangement of words in a sentence,

misplacing them where the sense explains the meaning clearly enough. Dr. Henderson quotes several instances of this, but they are venial compared with more slipshod ways. He also deprecates the use of long words and pompous circumlocutions. It is, however, understandable, being part of that desire for ornament which is universal. Verbose politicians are the chief offenders, but we can point to a Prime Minister who understands the effective power of simplicity. The danger today seems the loss of dignity in life and literature. Slang penetrates everywhere and can be very vivid; the main objection to it is that it has no pedigree behind it, and often no root-meaning to explain its purport.

Dr. Henderson has covered a good deal of ground and is delightfully easy in his talks. They should go to a second edition and can then be revised in a few details. Bailey, the dictionary-maker, appears as "Bisley," and Latin references might be more precise. V. R.

NATIONAL CHARACTER AND THE FACTORS IN ITS FORMATION. By ERNEST BARKER. Methuen. 10s. 6d.

THIS is a solid and learned book such as we expect from Mr. Barker. A good deal of it is historical rather than speculative, but French writers, who are apt at theorizing, supply material for discussion. Geographical factors, as developed, for instance, by Dr. Ellsworth Huntington in his "Civilization and Climate," can be easily overdone. Attempts must, we read, be made "to formulate the rules by which Christian order can be made to prevail in the political and economic life of nations." But the religious factor is, we fear, an influence on the wane, and much of its power has been taken over by the pulpiteers of the popular Press. It should be realized that they educate as well as the schoolmaster, and education, as Dr. Barker rightly insists, is more important for national character than the exaggerated vocationalism of today.

> In a people of a restless practical energy, such as ours, the ideals which need to be emphasized are the ideals of leisure; of creation which is not work but a lovely play; of serene contemplation.

Meditation is certainly not an English habit. "Don't be thoughtful, Dombey, said the Major; you're above it." We are Athenian, perhaps, in our encouragement of the amateur as against the professional, but still largely Bœotian or Corinthian in our taste and sense of beauty.

The chapter on "Language, Literature, and Thought" refers to the national individuality, which is opposed to regimentation of any kind, and selects a list of twelve supreme national writers. Looking more closely into English, Dr. Barker might have found in it clear indications of the strength and defects of the national character. There is our use of the word "home" and of the French *rapprochement*, because we have no single English word

for it. We do not get together easily. A phrase like "playing the game" is only one of several which show our intense preoccupation with sport. Emerson's "English Traits," though time has modified some of its conclusions, remains, we think, a better summary than some of the writers quoted here can supply or suggest. The little bibliographies attached to the chapters are useful, but it is a mistake to mention foreign histories of English literature like Taine's and ignore native books. Taine is often hopelessly at sea with the English psychology.

ABOUT ENGLAND. By M. V. HUGHES. Dent. 5s.

IN spite of a few strong prejudices, notably as to counties, games and newspapers, and a crudely introduced puff for a particular shop, this is one of the most reasonable books of its kind. It is also unexpectedly entertaining, a guide-book being about the last place where one would look for sprinklings of ironic humour. This quality comes on us very early, when, having been assured, on page 19, that "the present writer will be very careful to hide any leaning to a special county," we are told, on page 21, that "Cornwall is undoubtedly the most interesting county and its people are the most lovable." The national characteristics of the English, including their æsthetics, are described with agreeable candour. A few errors may be noted, for correction in future editions. Colchester, which probably possesses more relics of the Roman occupation than any other town in the island, is omitted from the remarks on Roman Britain; the Jane Austen house at Chawton is not "The Vicarage"; there is no evidence that "The Old Curiosity Shop" in Portugal Street, London, was associated with Dickens, nor the "Cheshire Cheese" with Johnson; and much time may be wasted owing to the statement that the Old Vic is "at Vauxhall."

But what are a few mistakes in a book of 350 pages crammed with information? It should be added that it has many agreeable little pictures, and no index.

FICTION

TINKER'S LEAVE. By MAURICE BARING. Heinemann. 7s. 6d.

RUSSIA, as described in this ripe and appetizing fruit of Mr. Baring's sojournings and wanderings in Romanoff days, may be highly unlike the strange land extolled by our Communists as the only paradise. But the most vividly drawn people in this story of a little bit of the war with Japan, and of its associations, are types that outlive revolutions. Miles Consterdine, the young and unbusinesslike London wine merchant, whose adventures in Europe and Asia form the thread, is far less attractive than his casually-encountered friend, Alyosha, probably the most amiable assassin that has appeared in true literature for years. During a great part of the book this good-natured, fatalistic, lovable man acts as a spirited and unveracious combination of Masterman

Ready and Mr. Barlow to Miles, getting things straight in every emergency, and drawing a lesson from any experience.

Among the many subjects discussed and illustrated in this book, without (save perhaps in the detail of poetry) any great strain on verisimilitude, are Chinese civilization, the mentality of mankind in the general and the particular (and of womankind as well), the merits of the Romanist religion, professional sport, the inefficacy of money in procuring happiness, music, painting, and the qualities of Dickens, Flaubert, and Mr. George Moore as novelists. One elusive but charming woman, and one "vamp" of extraordinary fascinations which few readers will be able to appreciate appear several times each. The "heroine," however, is never seen after the first chapter. She is the "Aunt Fanny" who, up to the time when Miles, at the age of twenty-seven, started for Paris and thus set this story going, had been even more to him than was Betsy Trotwood to David Copperfield. A pathetic figure, sketched in a few lines, is the "vamp's" husband, who consoles himself for her infidelities in the society of a tame partridge.

BUT YESTERDAY—— By MAUD DIVER. Murray. 7s. 6d.

MRS. DIVER, who belongs to the older school of novelists, has written a good, sound book, with an unusual plot. Though the action belongs to the post-war period, it is laudably free from that obsession of sex and display of rapid living on which some latter-day romancers insist. Not that emotion of the dangerous sort is wanting. The hero hovers between two women and, human nature being what it is, his position does not seem too comfortable a prospect when the story closes.

The title indicates that Sir Henry Arden, a distinguished politician, may, after his sudden death, lose some of the reputation he enjoyed with the world. The book turns on the writing of his biography. His masterful old mother insists on it, but three people begin making notes and give it up. The son discerns things that make it difficult to write of his father with any frankness, and all three feel Sir Henry's influence in the room exerted against them when they get to work.

Some up-to-date types are well sketched, and we hope—with some doubt—that the references to poetry will be appreciated. The country scenery is well sketched.

"THOU SHALT NOT KILL." By MRS. BELLOC-LOWNDES. Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.

MRS. BELLOC-LOWNDES shows here a distinct improvement in the type of story we have learned to expect from her. There are plenty of thrills, and the quotation from Clough on the title-page intrigues us without giving away the plot. The five essential characters are well contrasted, and by a skilful use of the cumulative method the tale increases in tension up to the climax. The expert will soon be able to hazard a shrewd guess as to the general

tone of development, but this will whet, rather than damp, his curiosity. It must be noted that one of the characters behaves in a way which neither professional etiquette nor knowledge of the world would allow in real life, although his motives are of the best. For this, however, the author may be forgiven, since it produces a curious and rather novel situation, prolonging both our surprise and the resolution of the plot. Once started on the book, readers will find it difficult to lay it down.

RHAPSODY. By DOROTHY EDWARDS. Wishart. 7s.

THIS is a collection of ten short stories. Publishers in these days have a way of refusing such things before they have even looked at them. Miss Edwards's work is well worth collecting, for it is admirably subtle and delicate in its irony, the very opposite of the violent melodrama and desperate sentimentalism of the popular magazine. Her figures are mostly men and women in a country setting, and they betray their reactions through words or silences which might be taken as commonplace. Here often are the beginnings of romance frustrated before it becomes definite to the eye and tongue of gossip. Miss Edwards evidently has a special interest in music, on which she writes very well, and her touches of scenery are effective. She includes both the enterprise of young love clumsily bold and the detached contemplation of old age, which is content merely to look on, as George Eliot says, when others must be looking and meddling.

The book, like most modern work of a serious sort, is full of sadness, misfitted lives, and transient illusions.

THE KINGDOM OF THEOPHILUS. By WILLIAM J. LOCKE. The Bodley Head. 7s. 6d.

THEOPHILUS is a metaphorical blood-relation of the author's former engaging hero, Septimus; but, less happily placed, he starts with the collective handicap of a principal clerkship in the Home Office, a wife on the Greenwich Borough Council, and a mental horizon bounded by the Factory Acts. All this till he attains the age of forty, when an unexpected legacy of half a million sets things going, enabling him to rekindle a long-extinct imagination to which an entirely charming young thing called Daphne—the ultra-modern child of a malevolent financier—applies the vital spark. Her advice to him to have "a hell of a time" with the money leads him, from wistful beginnings, to realize to the full the moral value of "letting things rip," when it is going to get you out of a groove, and to the ultimate winning of the frankly adorable adviser in the face of everything and everybody. Marriage is not primarily indicated (that is the modern way), but we know that it will come. It is all most encouraging propaganda for the middle-aged, who feel that life is over at fifty, set forth with Mr. Locke's old persuasiveness and certainty of touch, though the apparent moral, that great wealth is essential to the achievement of such an Indian summer in advancing years, is a

fly in the ointment—and a big one. Sentimentalism and sentiment were wont to be sharply differentiated in the days of our youth, when learned professors, and a host of the semi-learned, wrote lavishly on the Romantic Revival. Mr. Locke will have none of such pedantry; and it is his blending of the two irreconcilables that gives "The Kingdom of Theophilus" a tantalizing charm.

LITERARY STUDIES

THE FRENCH POETS OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY. Chosen by L. E. KASTNER. Dent. 7s. 6d.

SINCE Messrs. Sidgwick and Jackson published some three years ago "French Poems of Today," there has been a great revival in the study of recent French verse. The Oxford Press has issued an enlarged edition of Mr. St. John Lucas's excellent anthology, with a supplement of later poems, and now the Professor of French at Manchester has chosen 220 poems by fifty French poets of the present century. In his introduction, the editor gives a luminous account of the poetry of the last fifty years, and shows the trend of the present and the immediate future. Every reader of French poetry will be interested by this careful piece of work and will learn much from it. The poets are arranged alphabetically, which we think a less ideal arrangement than the chronological. In addition to the inevitable names to be found in all anthologies, such as Angellier, Claudel, Gregh, Guérin, Jammes, Moréas, Porché, whose "Et vous, soldats anglais, tombés dans la bataille" (an extract from "Les Commandements du Destin"), we are pleased to see quoted, Régnier, Rostand, Samain, Valéry, Vielé-Griffin, and Verhaeren, there are several younger names which, we think, will be unknown to many English readers. The most serious omission is that of Charles Péguy, who founded quite a school of young and advanced writers. Even though his long poems could not have been included, he wrote several sonnets that are good examples of his idealistic muse. Perhaps he has been omitted because of his Socialist creed; if so, it seems a pity to mix up politics with literature. Other poets not included are MM. André Gide, Charles Vildrac, Maurice Magre, and Charles Le Goffic, while the quotations from Stuart Merrill appear inadequate. But no two people ever agree about an anthology, and we are very glad to have this one from so trustworthy a guide.

MEN AND MANNERS. By WILLIAM SHENSTONE. Selected and introduced by Havelock Ellis. Golden Cockerell Press. 15s.

SHENSTONE survives for most readers only as the author of an English quatrain on welcome at an inn and a Latin epitaph of singular beauty. One might think that with his fondness for classical convention and landscape gardening of the artificial sort he was typical of his age, but Mr. Ellis shows in his excellent introduction that he was a pioneer in his way, reaching forward

to Burns and Wordsworth. He wore his own hair instead of a wig, preferred his country place to town, and managed to amuse himself and please others on a small income. The extracts from his prose show unusual taste and discrimination in the judgment both of men and books. He first suggested to Percy the collection of old ballads.

Mr. Ellis claims for him a place with the French *pensée* writers, and though he seldom achieves their brilliance of form he can claim "sweetness and tolerance and insight," like his contemporary Vauvenargues. He is not acrid as the French moralists often are, and sometimes he develops a quaint fancy to advantage:

> There ought, no doubt, to be heroes in society as well as butchers; and who knows but the necessity of butchers (inflaming and stimulating the passions with animal food) might at first occasion the necessity of heroes? Butchers, I believe, were prior.

He is notably free from the snobbery of the smart world:

> It is not now "We have seen his star in the East," but "We have seen the star on his breast, and are come to worship him."

The humorist who thanked heaven that "the surname which has descended to me is liable to no pun" was probably himself. Some of the sayings suggest echoes. The ease of an old shoe, for instance, recalls what Selden reported in his "Table Talk" of King James.

Altogether this is choice writing choicely produced. We suppose that Shenstone wrote "Satyr" for "Satire" (p. 6); but "longi" for "longe" in the classical quotation (p. 23), if it is in the original, is evidently a mere slip which might have been corrected. Shenstone has quoted from memory a well-known passage from Lucretius, and it is hardly likely that his Latin was as indifferent as that which often satisfies the twentieth century.

POETRY

THE MARRIAGE OF HEAVEN AND HELL. By WILLIAM BLAKE. Full-colour facsimile edition. Dent. 21s.

AN INTRODUCTION TO THE STUDY OF BLAKE. By MAX PLOWMAN. Dent. 4s. 6d.

WILLIAM BLAKE. By JACK LINDSAY. Fanfrolico Press. 3s. 6d.

WHEN a number of us forgathered in the crypt of St. Paul's Cathedral at the unveiling of the centenary memorial plaque to William Blake, a teasing little doubt crept between our admiration for Mr. Henry Poole's fine relief portrait and for the Earl of Crawford's well-phrased eulogium as to what the subject of these attentions himself would say. A like doubt asserts itself as we study the outpouring of books which have marked the centenary. We cannot help fancying that most he would have approved of the reissues of his works, and in truth gravely doubt whether he would have shown much gratitude to his apologists and explainers. Mr. Max Plowman, with his humble theory that there is no complete key to the cipher of Blake's imagism, would probably fare as well as anybody, for the general outline of his argument is

sound enough and he leaves the reader to fill in the details. When he proffers his own explanation of certain symbols, it is always with the reservation that these can only be accepted by inspiration, and the warning that in Blake's own mind the image was continually changing its form and meaning. Thus, he endeavours rather to convey the manner of approaching Blake's work than to expound the matter of that work. He is particularly happy in the note at the end of the beautifully produced volume of "The Marriage of Heaven and Hell." This poem is the keystone of Blake's work. Mr. Plowman points out that it can only be rightly considered in conjunction with the drawings and in the form that Blake gave it to the world, and this reproduction of the Fitzwilliam Museum copy enables us to do that. Mr. Plowman's note takes the form of a running commentary upon the meaning of both writing and illumination, and says just enough to help understanding without overloading Blake with Plowman.

In the Introduction to the Study of Blake he goes farther and fares worse. The trouble is not with his approach, which is characteristically helpful and suggestive, but rather that in this book he seems to have taken on an air of meeting us on our own debased level. The effect upon his own prose style is disastrous, and students of Blake are unlikely to appreciate being talked down to.

Mr. Lindsay's book is at the other extreme. It claims to accept Blake's system of values and to "make a poet's analysis of Blake's poetic creativeness." No doubt it does, but really it is much simpler to read Blake, whose style and symbols are crystal clear in comparison. This may be a confession of the reviewer's lack; but, whatever the cause, Mr. Lindsay's study of creative will and the poetic image was no elucidation of the mysteries of Blake.

GENERAL

LONDON: BEING A COMPREHENSIVE SURVEY OF THE HISTORY, TRADITION, AND HISTORICAL ASSOCIATIONS OF BUILDINGS AND MONUMENTS. Arranged under streets in alphabetical order. By GEORGE H. CUNNINGHAM. Dent. 21s.

LONDON is a vast and complicated subject and always changing, so that the chronicler will find it almost impossible to keep up with the housebreakers and new builders. Details alter while a book is being printed, such as the departure of Mr. Bernard Shaw from the Adelphi. As we write, the Strand is being relieved of an excrescence of buildings agreeable to the eye, but not helpful in view of the congestion of traffic. With all this demolition going on it is well to keep a hold on tradition and the buildings or sites which survive with associations worth remembering. Few realize either the age or the modernity of London, and its citizens are too busy to study its multiform interests. Few, in our experience, have seen in Strand Lane the Roman bath with its red tiles after many centuries still sound under the water, and it seems odd to read in a "Dictionary of

London," belonging to the eighties, that two or three flats only exist, and this continental arrangement is not likely to be popular!

The L.C.C. now does much for the identification of famous houses, and Mr. Cunningham's work is most remarkable in the mass of detail he has managed to collect and the accuracy he has attained. He must have made long and careful study, for he corrects popular legend where it is ill-founded, and gives details which the current authorities usually miss, and he even goes far into the field of fiction for associations. Thus we find that one place was mentioned in a novel by Gissing and another by the creator of Sherlock Holmes. Some of the actual residents whose names are included have left no great fame on the earth, such as Vicesimus Knox and George Blamire, an eccentric barrister hermit in Adam Street. Here are actors and artists long forgotten except by the antiquary.

Dickensians will find numerous references, including the place where Messrs. Chapman and Hall published the novels from "Pickwick" to "Martin Chuzzlewit." Lost houses, both ancient and of later date, are recorded; for instance, the riding academy where the Duke who was later the Butcher of Culloden learnt, and the buildings demolished when the Aldwych improvement was made. Sometimes a site has changed its associations. Thus the Strand Palace Hotel occupies the place of the former Exeter Hall. Mr. Cunningham recalls the fall of bombs during the war, and the latest residence of Sir Charles Hawtry after it.

He has added a big index, which puts the reader easily in touch with his wealth of allusion. The Dedication shows that the book was not made without sacrifice; at least it is a real monument of successful endeavour. The binding is not worthy of it, for four pages of the Introduction fell out as we opened the pages.

LETTERS TO YOUNG DOG OWNERS. By MAJOR A. J. DAWSON. Philip Allan. 6s.

MAJOR DAWSON'S book should be of the greatest use to those who take on the pleasures and duties of dog-ownership. Not only has he bred dogs successfully, but—what is, perhaps, of more importance—he knows from long experience that dogs are persons, and, being the closest friends of humanity, respond with perfect understanding to right treatment, as a child does, or even better. Less could not be expected of the author of "Finn the Wolfhound." In the days of plague, scared and foolish Londoners killed dogs wholesale, and today some kill their dogs with foolish kindness. We are often disgusted at the mismanagement of those who should know better. Dangerous bones which can be splintered are freely given, and too much food is a common mistake. Dogs can even, we learn, live and work on a diet of ice and old leather. They are normally carnivorous and should not

be confined to dog biscuits. On all such points this book is clear and decisive. A beginner should choose for himself or herself the sort of dog preferred—do we not choose our friends? And genuine dog-fanciers, who are, says Major Dawson, delightful people, should supply the animal required rather than shopmen or dubious offerers of bargains. It is best to get a dog of pure breed and good pedigree. The idea that such dogs are delicate is nonsense. Good health is attained by decent care in the matter of feeding and exercise. Thus doctoring can be avoided, but when it is needed, Major Dawson supplies details already used with success all over the world.

SPRING FLOWERS OF THE WILD. With 40 illustrations. SUMMER FLOWERS OF THE WILD. With 34 illustrations. Both by EDWARD STEP. Jarrold. 5s. each.

THESE books deal specially with the association of plants with other plants and their preferences for a particular sort of soil. Study of this sort is, clumsily enough, called "ecology." Mr. Step is an old hand at botany, able to write clearly and simply for the average reader, and his work, as usual, gives interesting details of the means of reproduction and the visits of insects. The photographs of plants in their actual haunts are attractive, and should help those who lack eyes to see flowers. It is too much to say, "Everybody knows—has known from childhood—that all cowslip flowers are not alike, any more than primrose flowers." People of any age with a natural gift for observation and exploring minds to follow it up are by no means common in this country. That is why we welcome such guides as these.

The summer flowers are a selection of those which bloom in June, including the lovely bog-plants, the buckbean and the butterwort. Some of Mr. Step's examples, especially of the orchis family, are rare and not to be found in places which possess an average variety of flowers. He deals, however, with much that may be seen anywhere, and adds the latest research—new things, for instance, about heather and furze. The latter often blocks up a path with a thicket, and this is now thought to be due to the dispersion of seeds by ants. At a later stage the furze flourishes in a barren soil by the aid of bacteria. The changes from Latin names to which we are accustomed are a nuisance, but one the present world of science seems unable to stop. Having learnt two Latin names for the wild hyacinth, why should we be confronted with a third, *Endymion*? The photograph in this volume does not do justice to the Flowering Rush, which is familiar on the Thames, but the orchises have come out well.

A third volume is promised, which will, we suppose, deal with the autumn flowers. Mr. Step might use his gift of exposition for yet another, on trees and the larger shrubs, with more illustration than has hitherto been provided in popular works. Ignorance of these beauties of Nature is widespread.

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